

PART
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THE

PRICE
6P.

LEISURE HOUR

JULY, 1886.

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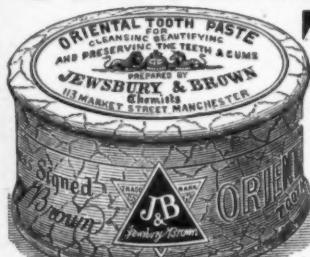
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THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

WHAT does a soldier do with himself in time of peace? Is he purely decorative? Does he loaf about doing nothing as cynics assert; or is he almost driven to death, as the survivors of the ordeal would have us believe? Of soldiers in war we have heard much; of soldiers on leave we have heard less and seen more; but of soldiers at work at home we have heard but little.* Thinking it a matter worth inquiring into we recently went to Aldershot. By special permission we were shown through the huts of a line regiment—a famous one as it happened, but one that could fairly be taken as a type of the rest. Every opportunity was given us to see the everyday life of a soldier. We had every chance of becoming acquainted with a regiment's internal economy, and in our day's work were thoroughly saturated with the small detail of which we were in search.

No one has yet accused Aldershot of being picturesque. The soldier in camp owes nothing to his surroundings except when he is under canvas; and a more matter-of-fact landscape it would be difficult to find than this bleak, bare stretch of moorland, dotted with dingy packing-cases arranged in rows, as if laid about on the sand to dry and left out for a week or two forgotten by the distributor.

As we cross the open strip which does duty as the parade-ground we find several squads of men hard at work drilling. At one end is a double row of non-commissioned officers, dotted along at wide intervals much as the huts are dotted along the camp. These are engaged in an interesting pursuit known as "communicating drill," an intellectual game for two or more in which the players criticise and check each other, and under the sergeant-major's eye defy the soporific influence of the drill-book.

The squads are recruits in different stages of efficiency. In these latter times a great change has come over the British army. In the old days men were enlisted in the streets, the recruiting sergeant making a public-house his headquarters, loafing about the neighbourhood catching such as he could after due ground-bait of alcohol and fiction. The old style still exists—a relic of the glorious past—but under modifications. It is not, however, the usual way into the army, nor is it recommended by the authorities to the respectable recruit. The new policy has brought the army into the labour market, and it appeals to all with its "advantages," and secures its men with their eyes open. At every post-office there is kept for gratuitous distribution a twelve-page pamphlet, called "The Advantages of the Army," setting forth the conditions of enlistment, the standards of height for the different regiments, the terms of service, and the various scales of pay and pro-

motion; and this pamphlet all those who wish to become soldiers are officially advised to procure. Having digested its statements, and made up his mind which regiment he wishes to join, the applicant has three courses open to him. He can present himself at the recruiting dépôt in Spring Gardens, or apply to the recruiting officer at the headquarters of the regiment he desires to join, or he can obtain from the post-office an "application to enlist," which, on being forwarded to the district office, brings the order for him to present himself at his county dépôt. Of these three ways the first and second are the best, as the recruit has not to wait about for companions, and need not associate with any one until he has begun his barrack life. When once he has joined his regiment every chance is given him to keep straight; and if he goes wrong it is his own fault. In the regiment, as everywhere else, he will find good sets and bad sets; and the inability to say no to vice will ruin him in the army as it would ruin him in any trade he took up. In the regiment, however, he is under constant supervision, and it is the interest of those above him to make the most of a respectable, intelligent man—for Private Thomas Atkins is not always respectable, nor is he always intelligent.

As soon as he obtains his uniform he begins his drill, for no recruit is drilled in the clothes he joins in. His kit contains a blue drill-suit, and in



PRIVATE.

this his first work is done. Drill is his fate henceforth for months. First he is taught how to stand, then he is taught how to hold himself properly, and the Indian clubs are used if necessary to oper-

* See "Leisure Hour" for 1882, p. 743.

out his chest. When he is shaped to suit the sergeant's eye he is taught to march, then he is taught to carry his rifle, to march with it, and to use it; and then he has to go through a course of gymnastics, and becomes an efficient soldier. During this drill course—which may last from six weeks to six months, being dependent on individual aptitude—the recruit is out of bed at six o'clock, and on the parade-ground at half-past six, where he is worked for an hour. He then has his breakfast, and goes to drill again from nine to ten; from half-past eleven till half-past twelve he has another hour, and in the afternoon he has another hour from two to three. In the intervals he does not remain unemployed; he has to learn how to clean and pack his clothes and accoutrements, which is by no means an easy task, and he has to take his share in tidying up the room or hut. In fact, it is not too much to say that from six o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon the only rest he has is what he takes at his meals. And after three o'clock, as will appear presently, he is not always free.

We are, however, concerned chiefly with the life led by a full private, and we will now follow the day's work of a soldier in more detail. Like the recruit, he comes on parade at half-past six, and is drilled for an hour. From half-past ten till half-past eleven he has another parade; at two o'clock there is another parade, and at five o'clock there may be another for punishment. This latter is, however, we hope, exceptional, and practically the soldier is free after four o'clock to do as he lists till half-past nine. This is the skeleton of a light day's work, but the filling in will somewhat alter its appearance. The soldier has to do everything for himself; he has not only to keep his quarters clean, he has to go on what is called fatigue duty, which may mean anything from coal-carrying upwards. All the huts have to be washed out at least once a week and the windows cleaned, and the furniture and utensils have to be scrubbed daily. To look after the room and wash up at meals, the men have to take it in turns, one being always relieved from parade to attend to such matters. With these various domestic duties, and the keeping of kit and accoutrements spotlessly clean, the ordinary day is pretty well occupied.

Be it understood, then, that this ordinary day's work takes not into account the various garrison field manoeuvres and marchings-out, nor does it include the soldier's serious work in peace time—mounting guard. Once in every week, or oftener, there comes to every soldier his turn of guard duty, and for twenty-four hours he is not allowed to take off even his boots, but has to remain ready for action at a moment's notice. Four times in that twenty-four hours he has to do a two-hours' tramp as sentry, and for four intervals of four hours he can take what rest he can in the guard-room, but at any moment during that four-hours' rest he must be ready at the call, "Guard turn out!" to form up with his companions in less than thirty seconds, awake and trim, as if on parade, ready for instant work. And such interruptions are many. Officers and dignitaries and bodies of men have all to be saluted,

and one of the soldier's duties is to know the proper salutes required by each rank and strength, so as not to turn out the guard unnecessarily.

A good deal is done to minimise the irksomeness of the guard work. In the winter nights extra greatcoats are provided for the use of the sentries, and coffee is kept hot for the men going out; but a twenty-four hours' spell in wet weather, with many interruptions of the four-hours' rests, is not the pleasantest of the young soldier's experiences. It is wonderful what habit does for a man. We hear of boiler-makers going to sleep inside the curving-plates while the riveting is going on, and we find old soldiers sleeping soundly through every noise of the guard-room, until at the call, "Guard turn out!" they are up and outside like a flash, ready for all things.

To the guard-room come the prisoners, and attached to it are the cells and ground for their exercise. The necessity of strict discipline amongst large numbers of mixed men makes the catalogue of military offences a lengthy one. Some men have not the gift of instant obedience. Some have joined the army for the liberty they sought; some for the glory it gives them. From such do the prisoners come—well-meaning fellows most of them, but remarkably like spoilt children. To-day there is but one prisoner, and we leave the guard-room speculating whether the wall would stand were the prisoner to fall against its rotting timbers. Truth to tell, the huts at Aldershot, neither in design nor materials, are triumphs of the builder's art. Externally the dull-red packing-cases do not promise well, and inside there is a breeziness that can be felt. It would take a whole army of Cæsars turned to clay to stop the chinks and keep the wind away. In the summertime the outside of the huts is gay with the soldiers' gardens, and the men are preparing the beds for seed as we pass down the long line. In the season there is a flower-show for flowers so grown, and prizes are given by the colonel and from the canteen fund that crops out so frequently to aid a soldier's amusements. Athletics and shooting-matches are all helped by the canteen, and a football jersey hung out to dry tells of another sport that probably receives encouragement from the same quarter.

Among other things we pass the fire-screens—portable arrangements of corrugated iron run round the hut in case of fire, so as to isolate the flames—and farther along we notice a vacant space where a hut once stood, burnt down while its neighbours were saved by these cumbrous-looking screens. We look into the washhouse where the soldier's wife spends so large a portion of her time; and we pass through a hut in which we believe it is the correct thing to say the British soldier "ablutes," for over its lintel there is inscribed the grandiose word "ablution," in striking contrast to the humble English "foul" which distinguishes the sinks on either side, down which is poured the "abluvion." In this "ablution" room—terrible word!—are many slabs and basins, and a bath in frequent use. Occasionally the bath is used compulsorily for the well-being of the begrimed recruit. A lack of cleanliness is a military

offence, and the sooner the soldier learns to be clean the better for his peace.

A good story is told concerning a new-comer who appeared on parade with a very dirty neck. "Sergeant!" said the captain. "Sir!" said the sergeant. "Have this man scrubbed." "Yes, sir." The man was taken away by half a dozen of his companions to the bath, and stripped and vigorously made clean. At the afternoon parade he took up his position with the rest. "Sergeant!" said the captain. "Sir!" said the sergeant. "Where is that man I told you to scrub?" "There, sir!" "Where?" "There!" "Oh, no; nonsense!" "Yes, sir; that's the man!" "What! that man?" "Yes, sir!" "Well, now you say so, I fancy it must be; but I shouldn't have known him. What a difference it makes to a man to be clean!" Happy recruit! every man of the company on the grin, and he blushing violently, conscious that for the first time for many months his blushes are visible.

As we cross the open from this haunt of the ablutionary we come across a squad under signalling instruction, so many men per regiment having now to pass the qualifying test. While the "flagging" is going on we are shown the working of the heliograph, which in its new form is wonderfully compact. With so short an arm it is remarkable how accuracy is obtained over such long distances. In India heliograph signals have been flashed and read from stations of more than a hundred miles apart. One great advantage heliography has over other signalling—whereas a flag or disk can be seen by all, the flash of the heliograph is perceptible only within a dozen



IN MARCHING ORDER.

yards right and left of those to whom it is sent. Essentially the instrument consists of a five-inch mirror on a rocking frame, with a pointer of about a foot radius. In the mirror is a blank spot, and

the pointer and mirror are so arranged that the sight of the pointer is reflected on to the mirror so as to coincide with the image of the object with which it is desired to communicate. As



ON GUARD.

soon as the range is obtained the key is worked, and the mirror being thrown slightly in and out of adjustment gives the needful pause between the flashes. As in all modern signalling systems the Morse alphabet is used. The key acts as a sounder, its clicking affording a check on the accuracy of the transmitter. With the one mirror the sun has to be between the sender and receiver, but when the sun is behind the sender another mirror is screwed on, and the light is doubly reflected. Although designed for use with the sun only, the heliograph has been found to work satisfactorily with bright moonlight, and messages have been sent with it from point to point at distant intervals as successfully at midnight as at noon.

We look in at the armoury, where we notice among other things the canes, without which no soldier is allowed on leave. Each man in this regiment has to invest in one of two patterns, so that he may know what to do with his hands, and he procures his cane from here, so that he has no excuse for being without one, or going into the town to get one. As a sailor is never seen with an umbrella, so a soldier off duty is never seen without a cane.

The next thing that strikes us is the men at drill at the Gatling guns—a comparatively new experience for a soldier. To each gun there is a squad of thirteen men. The gun takes to pieces, and, with its ammunition, is carried on five mules. The ammunition is in flat cases, each containing a nest of boxes, each box having the cartridges in a

single row, ready, when the lid is removed, to be placed in the slide which rises from the gun.

The Gatling looks little else than a small box on a tripod stand with a barrel sticking out of its front, a handle out of its side, and a guide bar out of its top. In a matter of a few seconds the pieces are down and ready, the tripod is screwed out, the barrel is in position, and the slide bar is slipped in; the elevation is taken, and the cartridge box being emptied into the tube, the handle is worked, the cartridge cases are shed forth like pea shells, and the bullets are ground out at much the same rate as corn from a thrashing machine. Altogether, from the first order to put the gun together till the mill begins to grind, some twenty-nine seconds elapse. As the gun rattles forth its messengers its barrel seems to have a vertical motion that might advantageously be converted into a horizontal one, but as two-thirds of the bullets hit the target at practice, the loss from vertical dispersion is probably not as great as appears. Inside the Gatling seems as simple as a sewing-machine, and as the savage said of the revolver, "it is strange how so small a thing should make so much misery." The gun having been worked, the order is given to unship it, and deftly and speedily the screws are run round and the legs folded, and with such sure-handedness is the whole thing taken to pieces ready for a shift, that we retire under the impression that many a conjurer might study the drill as a valuable lesson in legerdemain.

And now we have had enough of drill. We need not dwell on its further varieties, which get more numerous every year. We have hinted at the fatigue duties, which are many of them most appropriately named, and engaged on which we see many parties busy about the camp. Others are over the hills and far away at the orders of the garrison authorities, who find ample work for any spare time in the morning that the soldier may have on hand.

But we have not yet seen a soldier's home, nor learnt the work it entails on him. Crossing the rough road we enter one of the red packing-cases. Inside the walls are somewhat bare. "Why don't you paper the room?" "Well, sir, if we did we should have to pay for the paper and for putting it on, and we should have to pay for taking it off!" Seemingly no landlord with an eye for dilapidations is stricter than the Engineers in insisting that the hut shall be left as it was found.

The atmosphere is one of cleanliness and order. Down each side are half a dozen bedsteads with their feet "toeing a line" of the boards. The bedsteads are all slid back into half their length to serve as seats. Upright at the head of each, resting on the broad iron battens, is the bedding, rolled up as shown in our plate of the kit. In the centre is the bolster or pillow; round it is rolled the straw mattress; and on the top is a flat pile with the sheets in the middle and the blankets outside. These two rolls are strapped together, and on them is laid the towel. The strap bears a label giving the man's name and regimental number. When the kit is inspected the bedstead is pulled out to its full length, and the articles, now

neatly packed on the shelf above, are so displayed on it as to be seen at a glance.

At the head of the bed, against the mattress, is placed the valise, flanked on each side by a gaiter. Upon the valise comes the folded cape, and on the cape a pair of trousers, the tunic being placed on the top. On the tunic, resting against the mattress, is the glengarry. Next to the valise comes the folded greatcoat, and on it is put the hold-all with the brass brush at one of its ends. The hold-all has the man's knife, fork, spoon, comb, shaving brush, and razor—for no man in the army may wear his beard, except a pioneer, who is thereby at once distinguishable. Next to the greatcoat is placed the towel bounded right and left by a pair of socks, the fourth side of the square being closed by the shirt folded lengthways. Against the shirt is laid the mess tin, or canteen, having a boot on each side of it, and at the foot of the bed come the blacking and polishing brushes, bristles downwards, with the clothes brush, bristles upwards, laid across, and the blacking-tin laid between. The brushes are flanked by the jug and the oil bottle, and the boots are flanked by the gloves—and the Bible.

This is a linesman's kit. In the Highlander's kit the arrangement is somewhat different. Against the bedding comes the kilt with the doublet on the top, having the glengarry at the back and the spats on either hand. The next pile is composed of the valise below, with greatcoat upon it, the cape upon the coat, and on the cape the hold-all and brass brush. The socks that flank the towel have on their offsides the hose tops and garters; and at the foot of the bed, between the boots and gloves, is placed the bonnet-cover.

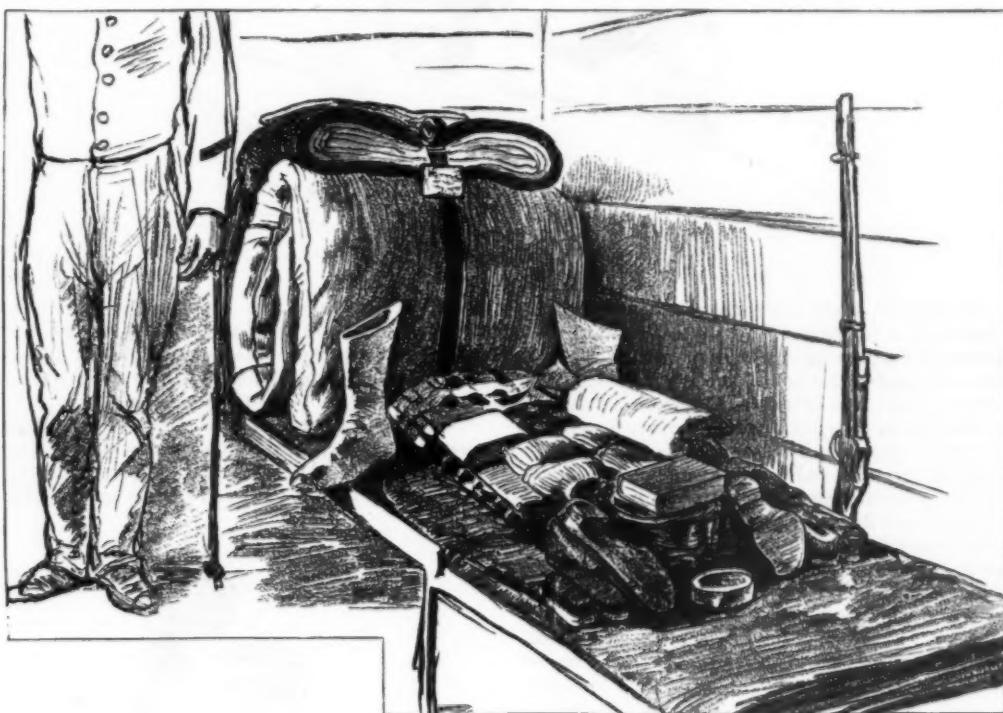
A cavalryman's kit is a more elaborate affair, but we may as well give it for comparison's sake. On the bedding roll is placed the cape, with the gloves, busby, and bag laid out upon it. Against the bedding on the rug are rested the pants, cap, and jacket, with shirt, socks, towel and sponge, and horse-rubber down one side, and shirt, drawers, socks, towel and soap, and stable-bag down the other. The centre line consists of Bible and Prayer-book, hold-all, and the various brushes, five in all, with the three valise straps at the end. At the foot of the bed is the valise with mess-tin atop, and on the floor are two pairs of boots.

In every kit it will be noticed that there is a Bible and Prayer-book. When a man joins the army he has, in the attestation form giving his name, age, and origin, to state his religion, and he is given a Bible and suitable Prayer-book. These he has to carry with him in his kit wherever he goes, and wherever he may be he has to attend either church or chapel. He can change his religion if he chooses—and then his attestation-paper has to be altered—but no conversion will save him from attending some form of divine service. In the garrison towns army chaplains are stationed, whose sole work is among the military. There are now four such ministers at Aldershot, and the places of worship are seven in number. In the North Camp there is a church for the Episcopalians, and chapels for Presbyterians and

Catholics, the men in the South Camp attending either the garrison church or one of the three chapels. The garrison church dedicated to All Saints is a fine specimen of modern Gothic, and is a prominent object in the Aldershot landscape. The Army Chaplain's Department is a large one; it is represented all round the world, and the Chaplain-General has a staff under him of between eighty and ninety assistants, besides probationary curates. In addition to the chaplains there are many voluntary organisations at work in the ranks conducting missions and Scripture readings, not

crockery. Each man has a plate and a bowl, the bowl which by turns is coffee-cup, soup-basin, teacup, or beer-glass, as occasion requires.

In the centre of the room are a couple of forms and a group of four tables with very white tops and very black legs. Every Saturday the floor is scrubbed, the stove, coal-box, fire-irons, and table-legs blackleaded, and everything made spruce for the Sunday. After every meal the hut is put straight; and every day, as tablecloths are unknown, the table-tops are treated with soap, hot water, and elbow-grease, until they are tho-



A HIGHLANDER'S KIT.

the least of the agencies for good at Aldershot being the excellent Institute in charge of Miss Daniels, of which every one speaks well.

Above each bed in the hut, as in the barrack-room, are four pegs, and above the pegs runs the shelf on which the kit is placed neatly packed. The bed, the pegs, and the portion of shelf overhead is all that a soldier can here claim as his own. On the posts in the room hang two inventories—one of the fixtures, one of the furniture—and every article entered therein has to be kept in repair at the cost of the company to which the men belong, and handed over as received to those that come after them. At one corner of the hut is the rack for the rifles, and at the other is a huge tank, doing duty as a coal-box for the stove close by. A shelf in another corner serves for a dresser, and on it are the bread for the day, a block of salt, pepper-box, and mustard-pot, and the plates and bowls that form a soldier's

roughly clean. On the white table is a highly polished tin dish upside down, and on it is a tin pail brilliant as a mirror, and, owing to its convexity, reflecting a miniature panorama of the shelves and beds and all their belongings.

Such is a soldier's home. It is clean and it is orderly. Except at meal times it is almost deserted, owing to the men being away on duty during the day. In the evening it is anything but the noisy place some have described. The men then are either preparing for the next day's work or asleep after a night on guard, so that many a quiet hour can be spent by those who care not for the outside attractions. If a soldier wants to read he can read comfortably here; if he wants to write he generally goes down to the room where materials are provided for him. A private's letter, however, is often a serious undertaking, and its composition and elaboration progress but slowly beneath too fierce a light.

By a quarter-past ten o'clock the men are supposed to be in bed, and the gas is turned off. At six next morning they are up, and the day's work begins, so that a soldier has eight hours' sleep.

carrying a basin of soup which he had begged from some other mess. The dinners are soon shared on to the plates, and "silence reigns within the hut saving a breathing as of the wind."



A LETTER FOR HOME.

Some men have made it out to be a hardship that the bedtime is so early. With such a grievance it is difficult to sympathise. For an average man to remain in health the rest is none too long, particularly when once or twice a week it is necessarily broken in upon for guard and other purposes. Well-conducted men have no difficulty in obtaining a pass for extended leave, even to staying out all night, provided they can satisfactorily account for how their time is to be spent; and at stations where the soldier may have private friends a pass from Saturday to Monday is easily obtainable.

The soldier has one undeniable advantage over the artisan—his pay does not stop when he takes a holiday. Every year he has a clear month off duty, and during that time his pay is forthcoming just as if he were at work. During this furlough he can, by special permission, wear civilian clothes—an expensive privilege, which means either giving the suit away at the end of the leave or else putting it into store for another year. All that a private has he must carry in his kit, and stow on his yard of shelf, and a "rig of ditto" under such circumstances is not to be thought of. At meal times, dinner times especially, the scene in the huts is a busy one. A soldier is never deprived of his dinner, and should he be away on duty it is put aside for him. In the morning the portion of meat for the mess is taken to the cook-house, and when the dinner bugle goes at a quarter to one o'clock the orderly men for the day fetch the tray for their companions. The streets of the camp are then alive with soldiers in pairs carrying their dinner-trays between them, and hurrying along to their huts as fast as is consistent with the safety of the cargo. As we turned into the line a little time afterwards a couple of stalwart warriors were proudly advancing in charge of a nobbly-looking pie, while behind them came a brace of drummer-boys with a roast joint slung between; one, the very picture of glee, carefully

and "the trenched-click" so grateful to our forefathers. As soon as dinner is in full swing an officer and sergeant pass down the lines to see if there are any complaints. On this occasion—and on how many more?—there were none.

A soldier has three meals a day—breakfast at a quarter to eight, dinner at a quarter to one, tea at half-past four. Dinner is on a different footing to the rest; in the past it was the only meal officially



THE DINNER BUGLE

recognised. For it "the Government ration" of three-quarters of a pound of meat and a pound of bread per man is served, and this is the only food a soldier gets free. In every hut or barrack-room

there are from ten to twenty men, and the ration for the room is made up of so many four-pound loaves and a joint of meat just under the weight, with a few pieces thrown in to balance. In the kitchen we see the dinners being cooked. Each hut has its own dish, or pot, and, as the men can have their meals cooked as they please, some of the huts are having to-day a baked dinner, some a boiled dinner, some a soup dinner, some a pie. Pies and joints are browning side by side, and from the quantity in the dishes we can tell the number of men each is to be shared among. Some of the joints have been cut exactly to weight, but the military butcher, like his civilian prototype, can seldom cut quite what is wanted, though, unlike the civilian, he can cut under, and not over. For a reason that will be apparent immediately, he has to keep on the safe side. Here is a dish as an example; it contains a dinner of roast beef and potatoes for twelve men, and this consists of an 8½-lb. piece of top of the ribs and a ½-lb. trimmed off from one of the other joints. Twice a week the soldier is fed upon mutton, five times a week he is fed upon beef, and once in a fortnight the beef is not fresh, but is of the canned variety familiar to us in the truncated obelisks of Chicago. Each day the dinners required per hut are totalled into the dinners required per company, and the total for the companies gives the amount of meat required for the regiment, for which the requisition is sent to the commissariat. The butchers have thus to be careful in their division, so that all the shares may be forthcoming.

No sooner have the dinners been cleared out of the cook-house than the commissariat wagons arrive with the supply for the following day. No meat could be better than that at Aldershot. There is no question as to its quality. As to the quantity, however, opinions may differ. The three-quarters of a pound allowed per man is of uncooked meat, and includes the bone, so that when the dinner comes to table the quantity eatable cannot well be more than half a pound for each, and that is by no means an extravagant allowance.

For the rest of his food the soldier has to depend on himself. Threepence per day is deducted from his pay for "groceries," the groceries including vegetables and all edible extras. It is astonishing how far this threepence, or rather combination of threepences, is made to go. With it the sergeant in charge, if anything of a manager, not only finds enough to give his men good breakfasts and teas, but has in hand at the week's end a small balance for an extra good dinner on the Sunday. The history of the threepence is obvious. There were soldiers before there were groceries. It is a humiliating fact that England was merry when the drinks were cold. Tea, coffee, sugar, and such like, once on a time were luxuries; they are now necessities, but Government regardeth them not. Just as the shilling a day is a survival, having once been the fair day's wage for a working man, so the ration is a survival, bread and meat being all that the then working man had to eat. Water was free then as now; and for the rest of his requirements he had to trust to himself

—and "the good old practice" remains. A soldier's only meat meal then is his dinner; for breakfast he has coffee, milk, and sugar; for tea he has tea, milk, and sugar, and what he then eats has to come out of his pound of bread and what the sergeant can manage out of the more than omnigenous "groceries." In short, though the meat ration is small, the day's food of a soldier is ample—and it is good.

From the cook-house let us go to the canteen, whence these wonderful groceries come. This is a shop belonging to the regiment, where can be had everything eatable and drinkable that a soldier can want. The canteen is worked on the co-operative principle, the goods being sold at prices sufficient to avoid a loss, and all net profits being shared amongst the regiment. These canteens are a comparatively recent institution, and the good they have done is enormous. It is not too much to say that the improvement in the status of the British soldier is half of it due to the canteen.

The canteen opens at half-past twelve, and closes at half-past nine, and all day long a couple of non-commissioned officers are on duty to keep order and see that no rule is transgressed. Here we find the check system in vogue as in most large dining-rooms. At the desk the soldier pays his money and receives brass checks representing its value. These checks vary in size from a half-penny upwards, and are taken as cash at the counter. In this way disputes are avoided, and a simple system of book-keeping is maintained.

In connection with the canteen is an entertainment-room, where songs and recitations take place each evening from seven till half-past nine. The programme has a nucleus of professional talent introduced to keep the men from the town music halls. The bill for the evening is on the wall. A professional lady, of orthodox professional name, is to sing at seven fifteen, a "ballad vocalist," name also of due construction, is to carol at eight, and a full-blown professor is to dance on a spade and juggle with a dinner-plate at eight fifty. Between whilsts the amateur talent comes into play, and thus the "free and easy" is retained and kept within bounds. These professionals are engaged in the usual manner; the "artistes" make the circuit of the camp, going from regiment to regiment during the evening. The room is of good size, and is fitted with benches and tables, and the stage boasts a proscenium, with the honours of the regiment and a drop scene representing the familiar Gib—Montis insignia Calpe—as the very bluest of blue rocks.

Let it not be supposed that this is the only entertainment offered to the soldier. A few steps take us to the recreation-room, provided with a full assortment of games—draughts, chess, back-gammon, bagatelle table, billiard table, etc. Round the room are some capital pictures, high-class chromos and steel engravings, two of them being good examples of De Neuville. The quiet, inviting reading-room has its newspapers, and there is a library in charge of one of the sergeants. For it a constant succession of new books is obtained on the Mudie principle, a batch of so many being ordered at a time from the well-filled

shelves of the garrison depôt. The books are not all "classics," nor is the collection of the kind to which such libraries might be reduced under severe censorship. If a book is well noticed in a newspaper it is asked for, included in the list, and obtained by the librarian in the next consignment. All tastes are consulted, a plentiful supply of good current literature is kept up, and such men as care not for the delights of the canteen concert can enjoy themselves in the reading-room, or at their quarters, in what some of us may consider a somewhat more gratifying way. It is for everybody's interest for the soldier to

his friends; and he goes to work—or play. It is with difficulty that he has passed his standards, and as soon as he is free he throws his books to the winds, and, with no thought for the future, forgets what has been pumped into him with such effort.

Three out of four recruits will be of what is officially called "superior education," but the rest are of all degrees of forgetfulness down to absolute ignorance. A glance at the examination-papers worked by the men lets in a flood of light on the mixed character of those who go a-soldiering; and there are few things more cheering than

the series of papers for the different certificates which tell the history of the man's improvement under the regimental school course. Now and then a phenomenon is met with who knows nothing, and will know nothing. In that case the schoolmaster does his best with him for nine months, and then dismisses him as hopeless.

Private Blank remains Private Blank for the rest of his military career, though he may possibly fulfil his humble duties as smartly and efficiently as a highly educated man. For there is no promotion without examination, and the recruit's best policy is to work up through all the certificates until he holds a first-class. He will then have passed in arithmetic and account-keeping, in history, geography, and difficult technical dictation, and in some extra subject, such as higher

mathematics or a foreign language, and unless he is fortunate enough to receive a commission, will have done for ever with the examiner. The advantages of this policy are so obvious that the best men adopt it, and in the huts and barrack-rooms during their evening quietude there may be met with many a soldier "reading up" for his pass with all the intentness of a candidate for that civil service which, possibly, in the days that are coming, will be manned entirely by those who have first served their country as soldiers or sailors.

Until the fourth-class certificate is obtained attendance at school is compulsory; after that it is optional. But a man cannot be a corporal unless he holds a third-class certificate; nor can he be a sergeant unless he has passed second-class, so that the regimental schoolmaster has a busy time. A soldier's school hours are in the afternoon and evening. In the morning the children over seven are taught, those between



READING FOR AN EXAM.

rise, and everything is done to sift out the worthiest men.

From the library we go to the schoolroom. School occupies a very prominent place in a soldier's life. As soon as a recruit joins he is examined as to what he knows, and he has to attend school until he can pass an examination in the four first rules of arithmetic and easy reading and writing. When he can do this he obtains a fourth-class certificate. In these days of school boards it would be thought that very few boys would fail to do this. Very few boys probably would fail, but then boys do not enter the army. The recruiting age is from nineteen to twenty-five, and between the date of the lad's leaving school and his presenting himself to the regimental schoolmaster there has been a gap of some years. It is this gap, this break in the chain, which our theorists disregard. The boy leaves school—and learning leaves him! "Schooling enough!" say

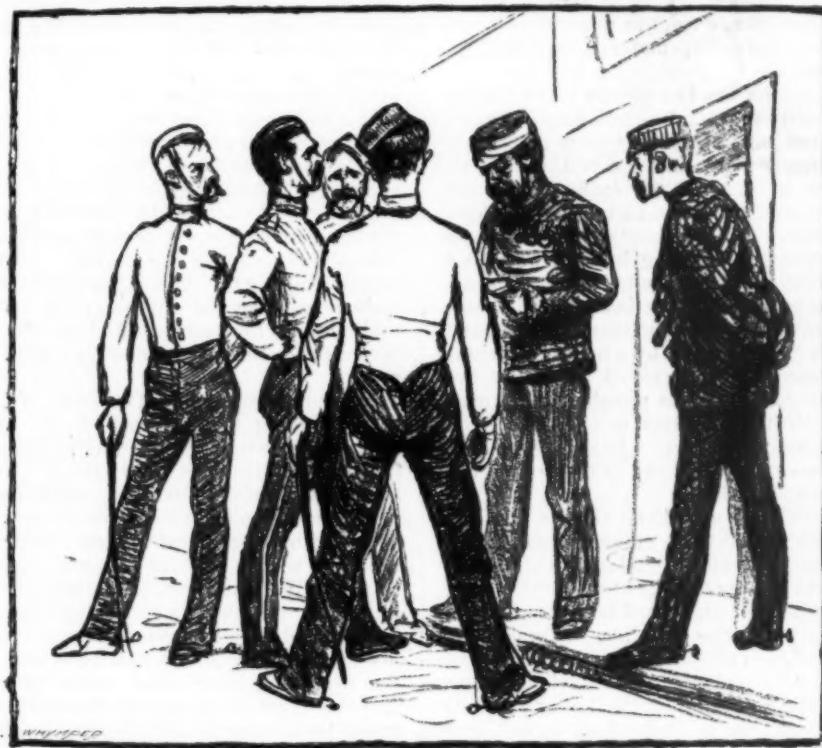
seven and three being sent to the infant school, which also forms part of every regimental establishment, and has here a hut to itself. The schoolmaster has his assistants chosen from the men of the regiment, who hold at least a second-class certificate, and are paid an extra fourpence per day for their services—a rate of remuneration that will hardly be considered exorbitant even by the typical taxpayer.

In process of time—within a twelvemonth or so—the private may get his first step. He becomes a lance-corporal, with a daily pay of fifteenpence. The position is, by all accounts, a trying one, and affords many an opportunity of acquiring valuable knowledge as to using the head in saving the heels. The lance-corporal is free from the ordinary fatigue duties, and has not to stand sentry, but all day long he is kept in full activity looking after small bodies of men, and being nearly every one's messenger. As regards food and lodging, he is in the same position as before, and he lives with the men. So does the corporal, whose duties are very much the same; but there is an increase of responsibility and an increase of pay. A corporal is paid twenty pence a day, and as his expenses are much the same as those of the privates, he is comparatively well off. In fact it has been estimated that a corporal's pocket-money available for amusement or investment is equal to a private's whole income.

The next step takes him out of the barrack-room, and gives him greater comfort at increased expenditure. He becomes a lance-sergeant, with

a pay of two shillings per day, and he joins the sergeants' mess; in time he becomes a full sergeant, and then his income is two shillings and fourpence a day. His "groceries" now stand him in nearly ninepence a day, but although the Government ration remains the same he has meat or eggs for breakfast, and his dinner, instead of being served in a bowl and plate on a deal table, has the ordinary accompaniments of cloth and crockery, cutlery and cruet. Instead of cleaning his own clothes he now employs a batman to look after them, the batman being one of the privates, who, for five shillings a month, acts as his servant in all things. The sergeants associate only with sergeants, and have their own quarters and recreation-room. Comfortable places these are. The sergeants are the backbone of the British army, and everything is done to favour them. The post is a responsible one, and the work is not light, and, notwithstanding the increased pay, the wear and tear of uniform and the subscriptions—optional in name, but compulsory under an unwritten code, in fact—add so much to the expenses that, were it not for the pension and the chance of special employment, the position financially is but little superior to that of the corporal; nevertheless, every soldier worth his salt looks forward to the time when he will wear the sergeant's stripes, and is proud of the day he was called from the barrack-room.

After a visit to the sergeants' mess we make our way to the band-room, where the band is on this occasion represented by a small boy tooting on a



ORDERS.

flageolet. The bandsmen are all away on different duties, which seem to be very miscellaneous in garrison work. The band is recruited from the ranks, or from boys between fourteen and sixteen, selected by the commanding officer, many of the said boys coming from industrial schools, where they have already received a musical education in the school band. The boy at practice is not one of these; two years ago music was a mystery to him. He has now been educated up to pitch like many others who, unlike him we trust, will leave the army at the end of their seven years, and take their knowledge away with them, much to the advantage of the country, but not to that of the regiment. Alas for the hopes of a bandmaster under the short service system! Twelve big drummers have there been in this band during the last half-dozen years. And all the other regiments have been similarly active in educational work, shaping lads into musicians and passing them out into civilian life as soon as they have attained efficiency.

From the band-room we go to the carpenter's shop, where the sergeant in charge is working at the bench, engaged on furniture repairs. Hither come all the cripples in wood—never so numerous as after a change of quarters—when the shop is quite a hive of industry. The men are all soldiers, most of them pioneers; no man can be a pioneer unless he knows a trade. It seems strange to find a lot of carpenters at work among such surroundings, but there are many trades carried on in the army, all meaning extra pay to those employed. And the work is reputed to be as satisfactory as that done in the town, except in the case of boot-mending, which is now, under a contract, in private hands.

Of boots a soldier has two pairs a year; he has a serge coat every year, and a cloth coat every two years, and three pairs of trousers every two years. The boots when issued to him are of the leather's natural colour, and he has to blacken them, ink them, or whatever it may be, to make them look like other men's. Of these boots we see a pile in the stores where the clothing is kept, which we next visit. Here are huge bins full of scarlet coats and tailorings generally. Here is a pile of helmets—helmets have to last for four years at least, and are eventually "condemned by a board." Here is a stack of greatcoats—a greatcoat has to last five years, and as much longer as possible. The greatcoat of the British linesman is constructed on strictly scientific principles. It is of the old-fashioned filter-waterproof, and in it the man has to find his own warmth.

It is estimated that a soldier's clothes cost the country something like three guineas a year. With great care a man can make them last, but all repairs and renewals within the time he has to pay for; and when the new clothes are issued he has to hand in the renewals, no matter how new they may be. Shirts and stockings and all the smaller articles of the kit have to be replaced at the soldier's own expense, but the payments for the larger amounts are made by a system of deductions spread over an agreed period. The shilling a day has thus to bear not only the threepence for the groceries, but

the cost of washing and upkeep of clothes, and when all the expenses are taken off it appears that a well-conducted soldier has about two shillings a week for pocket-money, in addition to three pounds a year "deferred pay," which is handed to him when he leaves the service. It has, however, to be borne in mind that he is boarded, lodged, and looked after in sickness and in health, and when all the additions and subtractions have been made it is found that he is about as well off as if he were in receipt of fifteen shillings per week.

When once the soldier begins to rise there open to him many opportunities for becoming really well off. A respectable man of average intelligence may fairly expect to get his corporal's stripes within three years. He is then fairly out of the crowd, and will assuredly rise higher should there be any merit in him. His chances are many. In the army there are ten thousand sergeants of different grades, with pay ranging from two shillings to four shillings and fourpence per day; there are two thousand five hundred staff-sergeants, with pay up to five shillings per day; and nearly six hundred warrant-officers, sergeant-majors, and such like, with pay up to six shillings per day. There are a few commissions as lieutenants given annually to men who have risen from the ranks, and there are three hundred and forty appointments as quartermasters and riding masters, with pay up to fifteen shillings a day, held entirely by those who have begun their career on the lowest rung of the ladder. We say nothing of pensions, and we give the mere regulation appointments; we have no space to particularise the various ways in which extra duty pay, working pay, and departmental pay can come in to the fortunate, and practically double their income.

It is the boast of our present politicians that the position of the private soldier is as good as that of the class from which he comes. May his position soon be as good as that of the class from which he comes—ought to be! His pay will be a shilling a day for some time yet, though it does not need the solidus to make the soldier. The improvement in his wage will be made by reducing the deductions from the shilling, from which we are told he takes his name, until eventually he has the twelve pence net which most people think he has now.

Is he not worth it? The Duke of Cambridge, in responding to the toast of the army, often reminds those who may be inclined to grumble at its cost, that civilians after all pay a very trifling sum for national "insurance," so that peace-loving people may pursue their avocations in security. Those who most detest war are likely to have the kindest wishes for the personal welfare of the soldier. We have dealt exclusively with his duties in peace; we have said nothing about his work in war; and even in peace at home, when he is at his ease, we have shown that he is not necessarily the roistering idler some would have us think, and that there are many less honourable and more trivial tasks than the day's work of a soldier.

W. J. GORDON.

THE HUMOURS OF A MENAGERIE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

WE live and learn.

From early childhood I have been in the habit of frequenting menageries, but not until lately have I had the opportunity of paying repeated and almost daily visits to the same menagerie, so as to become personally acquainted with the inmates.

Every one has heard of G. Sanger's collection of "wild beasts," many of which are scattered over the whole of England, and exhibited in connection with various performances. It is necessary that there should be a headquarters for the animals, and this is to be found at Margate. As the menagerie is within an easy walk of my house, I am in the habit of "dropping in" as I pass by, and keeping up an acquaintance with the inmates, some of which are known, at least by name, to the public.

There is, for example, the lion "Wallace," who nearly killed his keeper a few years ago, and therefore has not been allowed to perform in public. There is the lioness who has made repeated balloon ascents. There is the seal which once belonged to the "Polytechnic," and which always sat on the helmet of the diver as he disappeared beneath the water, etc. From seeing the same animals repeatedly, I have found a new interest in a menagerie.

To an ordinary visitor, the animals in a menagerie are very much alike, so that if forty or fifty lions or tigers were placed in the same enclosure he could no more distinguish one from another than he could pick out an individual sheep from among a flock. Yet a shepherd could do so, and any keeper who knows his business can pick out his own lions or tigers from among any number of animals.

Of course there are certain characteristics which are common to all animals of the same species, but even in the external form there are distinctive expressions of the features and certain variations of structure which even a slight acquaintance enables an observer to detect. So it is with a pack of hounds, every one of which is personally known to the huntsman, the master, and indeed to all who are brought into contact with them.

Some years ago I had a great cage containing more than thirty canaries, nearly all of which I had bred. A visitor could seldom distinguish one from another, but to my eyes no two resembled each other, and each had its own name. There is as much individuality in disposition as in form, and any one who pays frequent visits to a menagerie and studies the characters of the inmates will find no small amusement and interest in the proceedings.

On my first visit I was suddenly startled by a loud crash behind me, and on turning round saw that a camel had dropped a tin pail. I picked up the pail, replaced it in the stall, and was surprised to see the animal take the handle of the pail in its

mouth, hold it as high as it could reach, and again drop it on the ground.

At first I thought that the camel was only amusing itself, but afterwards learned from the keeper that it had other motives than mere amusement. Part of its food consists of a "mash," which is brought to it in the pail in question. The greater portion of the mash can be eaten without difficulty, but there is always a residue which adheres to the angle at the bottom of the pail, and cannot be reached by the lip or tongue. So when the camel has cleared the pail as far as possible it drops the vessel on the ground for the purpose of shaking the bran out of the crevice. As a rule the camel is not credited with much intellect, and I was greatly struck with such a proof of ingenuity.

As an example of the difference of temperament in creatures belonging to the same species, and subject to the same treatment, I may mention two tigresses.

Although I have repeatedly seen and talked to them, I should not know them apart, neither, if they were placed among others of the same species, could I pick them out. But the keeper could do so—and, indeed, can hardly understand that any one could confound the one with the other. In disposition, however, they are as wide apart as the poles, the one being gentle, and desirous of notice, while the other is morose, suspicious, and seems to be little impressed even by the keeper's unfailing kindness.

One of these animals is quite an ally of mine, and will allow me to take almost any liberties with her, while the other is so surly that I have hardly dared to touch her. So, being desirous of preserving my hands and arms from being devoured by the wrong tigress, and knowing how frequently the attendants transfer the animals from one cage to another, I never trust my hand inside the cage until I have identified its inmate. This is easy enough. I stand in front of the cage, call the tigress by name, talk to her for a little while, and then invite her to come up to me. If it be the right animal she walks up and down the cage several times, coming nearer the bars each time, until she presses her side against them. Then when I begin to stroke her fur she settles herself down, just as a cat would do, and quite enjoys being patted and stroked and talked to, mostly stretching herself and relieving her feelings with a mighty yawn and long-drawn grunt.

Occupying the next cage is a fine male leopard, who is quite as friendly as the tigress, and expects to be treated in the same manner. But he is mortally jealous of her, and so after talking to her I always give him a pat and a few kind words.

Nearly the whole of one end of the building is occupied by a single large cage, in which are placed a number of animals, which would seem to be antagonistic to each other. But the keeper, Walter

Stratford, takes a pleasure in placing in the same cage exactly those animals which would appear to be most incongruous as comrades, and trying to make them agree with each other.

Here is a list of the creatures which occupied this cage together on my first visit. Twelve monkeys of various species; two racoons, a coati-mondi; four cats; a jackal; a porcupine; a goat; two pigs; several geese and ducks; a small white Pomeranian dog and her two children, of whom the jackal was the father; and a few rabbits and guinea-pigs. A more miscellaneous assemblage it is not easy to imagine, and yet these creatures find a strange happiness in each others' company.

For example, after the goat had been in the cage for a few weeks, Stratford thought that it was rather cruel to deprive her of fresh air and liberty, and so took her out of the cage, and led her by a horn to the lawn which occupies the centre of the establishment. No sooner had he loosened his grasp of her horn than she turned round, dashed at full speed into the house, and took up her station under the cage, waiting to be readmitted. The pigs exhibited a similar attachment to the cage. The monkeys were incessantly riding on the backs of the pigs, and could never be made to understand that a pig's tail could not be straightened if it were only pulled long enough; not to mention that "Rose," the little white dog, was never tired of barking at them, and that the goat never allowed them to eat anything until she had satisfied her own hunger. One day the proprietor ordered the pigs to be removed and fattened for market. But the keeper found that they would not eat, and were pining for the society of their strange comrades. So he replaced them, and actually fattened them in the cage; the first time, I believe, that such afeat has ever been attempted.

Whenever several animals occupy the same habitation, one of them always takes the command, just as is the case with schoolboys among ourselves. In this cage the ruler is the little dog "Rose," who exercises her authority by sheer force of character, and reigns despotically over animals far larger and more powerful than herself. Next in power comes the goat, the third being the porcupine. I think, however, that he might, if he chose, be the principal chief, for, whenever he likes he can clear the floor of his companions by erecting his quills and backing against them. He is, however, being nocturnal by nature, rather disposed to sleep during the day than to contend for his rights, and so allows Rose and the goat the precedence which he might claim for himself. A remarkable friendship exists between this porcupine and a little black Manx cat.

Even when the porcupine takes it into his head to execute the remarkable series of pirouettes with which he drives away all the other inhabitants of the cage, the Manx cat contents herself with keeping out of reach of his spines, and as soon as he allows his weapons to droop, and settles himself in his own particular corner, she sidles up to him, and squeezes herself against him, so that it is scarcely possible to distinguish one animal from the other, the skin and hair of the porcupine being as black as the fur of the cat.

It is most interesting to see how harmoniously all these animals live together. The restless coati traverses the whole cage, sometimes trotting over the floor, and sometimes clambering the bars and wires, and poking its long snout into the ribs of the racoons, as they hang in their favourite position on the roof of the cage, with their heads thrust through the bars. In this attitude they look exactly as if they had accidentally pushed their heads through the bars, and could not pull them back again. Many a time have compassionate visitors summoned a keeper for the purpose of releasing the apparently imprisoned animals.

Possibly from a wholesome respect for the porcupine's spears, the monkeys mostly restrict themselves to the bars and ropes at the upper half of the cage. Now and then there is the usual skirmish among themselves, without which monkeys seem to be incapable of enduring life. Occasionally an irrepressible monkey seizes the tail of a jackal as it passes under him with the peculiar "trit-trot" of its race, hauls it up into the air until it yells with mixed anger and terror, and then swings itself among the bars above, and grins at its victim in derision.

As to the rabbits and guinea-pigs, they seem to be simple nonentities, and the monkeys do not meddle with them. There is some fun in pulling the tail of a pig or jackal, because the one will squeal and the other will yell. But rabbits and guinea-pigs make no outcry, and therefore are allowed to go their own stupid way. Ducks and geese too, being noisy birds, afford a momentary joy when suddenly suspended by the neck or wing, but the jackals seem to give the most sport, their tails being irresistible to any of the monkey race. It is very amusing to watch a jackal trotting along with bushy tail erect, and suddenly recollect that it is passing under a bar tenanted by a monkey. The way in which it droops its tail and scurries out of reach of the monkey's paw seems to amuse its persecutor almost as much as a successful grasp at its victim. As to the jackals themselves, they slink away for a moment, but soon forget their previous experiences, and run the same risk again.

There is a striped hyæna, which is one of the most excitable animals that I ever met. I talk to him and he talks to me after his own fashion, uttering the most weird and gruesome sounds. He always finishes by rolling over on his back, grinning and chuckling, and ends by a series of short yelps.

If the keeper should happen to be rather late in cleaning the cage in the morning, the animals all have their several modes of calling him; and when he has made the cage comfortable, they immediately become frisky.

To see three lions playing and leaping, as if they were so many kittens, is a most amusing sight. We have all seen a kitten spring into the air, turn a somersault, and come down on its back. The lions behave in exactly the same manner, and the thump with which a lion comes on the wooden floor of the cage is something worth witnessing.

The gnu testifies its delight by uttering a series



SPIDER MONKEYS IN A TROPICAL FOREST.

of short, sharp, piercing barks, which are heard distinctly even through the lions' roar, and executes the most singular and fantastic gambols, rearing, and kicking, and spinning round and round, as if it were bereft of its senses, its tail whirling about as if spun round by machinery.

I rather fancy that the name of gnu is derived from its peculiar bark, which is unlike that of any other animal which I know. If you try to pronounce the word as shortly and loudly as possible, and at the same time throw a barking sound into it; you will produce a fair imitation of the yelp of the gnu. At each bark the animal throws up its head sharply, as if to jerk the sound out of its throat, very much as a dog does.

Even in its wild state, the gnu indulges in these ludicrous pranks. It is an inquisitive animal, and when it feels confidence in its visitor, is attracted by any bright object. The hunters take advantage of this propensity to get within range of the gnu. They tie a red handkerchief to a stick, fasten it in the ground, and then lie down by the side of it. The gnus at first take fright, and scurry away, but soon halt, and gaze at the unknown object from a distance. Curiosity, however, impels them to draw nearer and nearer, until at last they come within range of the rifle bullet.

There is an Axis stag, which makes a great turmoil until he obtains his clean straw. As soon as he receives it, he stoops down, takes it up on his horns, and tosses it about as if he were making hay. Then he will walk about for some time with a quantity of straw on his horns, and seem quite proud of it. This performance always fascinates a tigress who inhabits an opposite cage, and as soon as the stag takes the straw on his horns, she stares steadily at him, never taking her eyes off, or changing her posture until he has become quiet.

There are two wolves occupying one cage, and at feeding time they always afford great amusement.

The keeper gives them one large piece of meat, generally a portion of the side with several ribs in

it. They tear it off the fork, and then seize it on opposite sides, their noses nearly touching each other. They growl and haul against each other, but neither dares to loosen his hold of the meat to bite lest the other should finish it. At last one of them tears off a portion, and begins to swallow it as ravenously as he can. His companion immediately runs to the farthest corner of the cage, and tries to eat as much as he can before the other returns for more, keeping his head carefully in the corner, so that the meat may be out of reach. A struggle then ensues, until both have again taken hold of the meat, and then the whole business is repeated until the meat is finally consumed. I have noticed that, although this mode of feeding seems as if it might be unfair to one of the animals, each wolf gets his half of the food almost as accurately as if they had been fed separately.

Among the many inhabitants of this menagerie there is a Polar bear, who is another of my special friends, taking a piece of biscuit out of my hand as gently as if he were a dog. He is a playful beast, and dearly loves a practical joke. He lives in a large double cage, made in two stages, the dwelling-stage being three or four feet above the lower stage, which contains his bath. A short, broad flight of steps leads from the upper stage to the bath, so as to enable the bear to enter or leave the water.

But when the animal sees a number of visitors round the cage, he has a way of plumping into the bath without using the steps, thus splashing the nearest spectators from head to foot. I am certain that this is done with malice prepense, as I never saw him jump into the water except on such occasions.

These are a few of the many "Humours of a Menagerie;" and I can assure the reader that he will find much more interest in frequenting one menagerie, and studying the individualities of its several inmates, than in paying casual visits to a number of collections without making the personal acquaintance of the inhabitants.

Obscurity.

IF thou canst wake within one human breast
A thought of lasting joy, if thou hast stirred
Holy desire by some inspiring word
Or lulled the sorrowful to soothng rest;
If with some glorious vision thou hast blest
The tired, the wayworn (as when some rapt bird
Unseen pours forth its soul, the song is heard
By the tranced leaves and flowers, atremble lest
It cease too soon, too soon)—if this thy lot,
Care not how lonely thou mayst seem to be,
How cast away as useless or forgot;
As to the mightiest comes his work, to thee
The humble task to light some little spot,
Though star-like, yet with rays the heavens may see.

J. PIERCE, M.A.

OLD JEWISH FAMILIES IN ENGLAND.

I.



From an original Painting by Copley,

RABBI DE FALK, THE "BAAL SHEM."

[in the possession of Mr. W. H. Goldsmid.

ABOUT two years ago, while I was collecting materials for my "Life of Sir Moses Montefiore," the editor of the *LEISURE HOUR* proposed to me to extend a section of my researches in the direction of general Anglo-Jewish family history, and to embody my results in a paper. The suggestion opened up a long vista of charming investigations, and I was delighted to accede to it. True, the idea was not altogether new. The late Mr. Frederick Martin, editor of the "Statesman's Year Book," had projected a work on leading Anglo-Jewish families some years before, and the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Delegate Chief Rabbi, had supplied him with many valuable notes. I should have been content to edit Mr. Martin's unfinished papers, but unfortunately no trace of them could be found after his death. During the past two

years the work thus devolving on me has grown until I am afraid two entire volumes will hardly suffice to contain all the information I have managed to unearth.*

"While the most powerful of the modern nations of Europe," says a French writer, "are uncertain as to their origin, while the French at Austerlitz and Sedan, the English at Waterloo and Sebastopol, the Germans at Sadowa, are doubtful as to whether the same blood does not flow in their veins and the veins of their enemies, the humblest Jew possesses that which constitutes

* The notes here given are only a selection from the mass I have collected. They are a fair specimen, in briefest summary, of the relatively unequal value of my materials. I shall be glad of any information that will enable me to fill up gaps, and render each family history complete. I shall also be grateful for the communication of pedigrees and family traditions of which I have no account.

nobility among his oppressors—an ancient lineage. Wherever he may now live he can say: 'My fathers dwelt in the fields of Syria, encamped and wandered in the deserts of Egypt, when Rome, Athens, and Sparta were yet unborn.' The belief here asserted as to the racial purity of the modern Jews has only recently been settled on scientific lines. Five years ago I entered on a course of inquiries on the subject, and satisfied myself that the popular impression in reference to it was capable of scientific proof; but it was reserved for Mr. Joseph Jacobs, an able member of the Jewish community, to place the question beyond all doubt. He answered it emphatically in the affirmative, notwithstanding that M. Renan, Dr. Neubauer, and M. Isidor Loeb were among the champions of the opposite solution. Mr. Jacobs' carefully worked results were brought to the notice of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, and appear in a recent instalment of the Transactions of that Society.

Under these circumstances it might be imagined that long pedigrees are common among Jews; but, unfortunately, the vicissitudes of Hebrew history have more than once destroyed all their genealogical records. Only in a few instances do family traditions preserve the undetailed memory of extraordinary lineages, and these are almost entirely limited to the posterity of Aaron the high priest, and King David. There are, at the present time, two Jewish families in the Bukovina, named Sadagora and Israelka, and another family named Bondi, in Germany, who claim descent from the Kings of Judah. The famous Don Isaac Abarbanel traced his lineage to Rabbi Jochanan ben Nuri, who was of the house of Hillel, and hence of Davidian descent. Rashi, the celebrated commentator, in the same way alleged himself to be of Davidian extraction, through his ancestor Rabbi Jochanan Hasandler. The Ibn Jachias, one of the most illustrious of mediæval Jewish families, also claimed descent from the Royal House. When Benjamin of Tudela visited Narbonne, he met there "a descendant of the house of David as proved by his pedigree," and at Telmas he came across other Davidides. I have an interesting statement from a non-Jewish gentleman, named Dowie, who alleges himself to be a descendant of Jehoiakim, last King of Judah, through a son of one of the Princes of the Captivity, who emigrated to Scotland in the twelfth century. Among other Biblical personages from whom descent has been claimed, is the prophet Samuel. The Jewish traveller, Petachia of Ratisbon, met a person boasting this distinguished lineage.

Among the few Aaronide families who have preserved anything like a detailed genealogy is that of the Chief Rabbi of Great Britain, Dr. Nathan Adler. Until within a comparatively recent period a complete genealogical tree reaching back to the High Priest was in the possession of the family, but it is now lost. Independent of this, however, the Adlers have an interesting history and important connections. R. Simeon bar Chelbo Kara, who flourished in the eleventh century, was an ancestor of the family. Kara was author of the famous "Yalkut," a collection of Midrashim

on almost every verse of the Old Testament, which has, for nearly eight centuries, been the text-book of students of Hagadic exegesis. A granduncle of Dr. Adler was Rabbi Nathan ben Simon Adler, at one time Chief Rabbi of Boskowitz in Moravia, and equally famed as a Hebraist and Cabalist. In their day the Adlers were among the chief Jewish families of Frankfort. During the last century the names of Nathan L. Adler (1754), Samuel ben Simon Adler, and Baer ben Mordecai Adler (1756), Mordecai Nathan Adler and Mordecai Baer Adler (father of the English Chief Rabbi) appear frequently in the communal records. It is interesting to note that, by his first marriage, the present English Chief Rabbi allied himself with the two Frankfort Jewish families who are best known in this country—the Rothschilds and Worms. Dr. Adler married Henrietta, daughter of Hirsch Worms, who was a brother-in-law of Jeannette, eldest daughter of Mayer Amschel Rothschild, founder of the famous firm of that name. It may be mentioned that a former Chief Rabbi of England, Rabbi David Tevle Schiff, to whom Lord George Gordon preferred his request to be received into the synagogue, was a maternal uncle of the present Chief Rabbi.

Equally distinguished was the family of Dr. Adler's predecessor, Dr. Solomon Hirschell, a portion of whose posterity, through a female branch, is still extant in Liverpool. Dr. Hirschell's father, Rabbi Hirsch Levin, was for a time also Chief Rabbi of England. His grandmother was a daughter of Chacham Zevi, of Amsterdam, one of the foremost Talmudists and Cabalists of the seventeenth century. Zevi's father, again, was Rabbi Jacob Ashkenasi, one of the ecclesiastical chiefs of Wilna, and his grandfather was Rabbi Ephraim Hacohen, Chief Rabbi of Wilna towards the close of the sixteenth century. The latter is also said to have possessed a written genealogical table carried down to Aaron the high priest.

Remote connections of the Kings of Judah—that is to say, if tradition may be relied upon—have likewise not been unknown in England. Menassah ben Israel, who prevailed upon Oliver Cromwell to readmit the Jews to England, was a relative of the Abarbanels, who, as we have already seen, were among the most illustrious of Davidic houses. He came to this country accompanied (there is reason to believe) by his two sons and his brother-in-law, David Abarbanel Dormido. One of the sons died shortly after his arrival, and the other, together with Dormido, settled in England. This son married, but whether he left any children I have not yet been able to ascertain. Abarbanel Dormido was the first senior warden of the Portuguese Jewish congregation in London. His posterity became merged in the Lindos, a prominent contemporary Jewish family. The late David Abarbanel Lindo, who was an uncle of Lord Beaconsfield, was so proud of his descent from Don Isaac Abarbanel, in his day also an illustrious statesman, that for a time he called himself David Lindo Abarbanel. A David Abarbanel was among the founders of the Jewish Cemetery in Mile End in 1733. Mrs. Hecksher, wife of Mr. James Hecksher, Reuter's agent in London and chair-

man of the Parliamentary reporters, is also a member of the Abarbanel family.

A remarkable family tradition is possessed by the Goldsmids. This distinguished Anglo-Jewish house is descended from Rabbi Uri Halevi, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and traced his descent from the Maccabees. If this lineage is to be relied on, it altogether overshadows the claims of Aaronide and Davidide families, inasmuch as the Maccabees were the only family in Israel who held both the High Priesthood and the Crown. The Asmonean origin of the Goldsmids is preserved in the motto still borne by the family, *Mi Kamoka Baclim Jehovah* ("Who is like unto Thee among the gods, O Jehovah?") from the eleventh verse of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, the initials of which are said to have given rise to the Maccabee name. There is also a legend that the name "Goldsmid" was originally a nickname of Uri Halevi, who was credited by the vulgar with the power of transmuting the baser metals into gold. The mystic fame of the family has been brought down to comparatively recent times. A hundred years ago there resided in the Anglo-Jewish community a certain Rabbi Haim Samuel de Falk, a Cabalist of marvellous powers, who was a near relative of the Goldsmids. An engraving of his portrait by Copley is here-with presented. The most extraordinary stories are still related of Rabbi Falk, among them a serious anticipation of Bret Harte's extravagant "Stage-Driver's Story." His reputation as a Cabalist was not confined to the Jews. From his "Common-place Book," preserved in the London Beth Hamidrash, he appears to have been in communication with Prince Chartoriski. Marshal Count von Rautzov consulted him at Brunswick, and published an account of him. Baron Archenholz also interviewed him, and Philip Egalité is said to have owed his death on the guillotine to the trust he placed in a *kamea*, or Hebrew amulet, he obtained from the Anglo-Jewish thaumaturge. Several interesting works by Rabbi Falk are still extant in manuscript, including a treatise on amulets. De Falk at his death appointed Aaron and George Goldsmid his executors, and left to Aaron Goldsmid a sealed packet, with strict injunctions that it should never be opened. Aaron, however, could not resist his curiosity, and although the whole prosperity of his house was said to depend on his obedience to the dead Cabalist's instructions, he broke the seals of the mysterious parcel. On the same day he was found dead. His sons, Benjamin and Abraham, and his grandson, Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, were among the ablest financiers of their day. Isaac Lyon and his son, the late Sir Francis, were the chief figures in the struggle which won civil and religious liberty for the Jews of England.

I have already mentioned that there is in this country a gentleman who claims descent from the Princes of the Captivity. To this I may add that there is also a Jewish clergyman whose pedigree reaches back to some of the most illustrious of the Gaonim, the ecclesiastical colleagues of the Exilarchs and chiefs of the famous academies

of Sura and Pumbeditha. The Rev. Joseph Kohn-Zedek, of Great Prescott Street, well known in modern Hebrew literature, is a descendant of Mar Kohn-Zedek I, who was elected Gaon of Sura in the year 815. Another ancestor was Mar Kohn-Zedek II, Gaon of Pumbeditha in 917, and one of the most ambitious of his order. This prince of the Jewish church successfully contested the authority of the Exilarch and procured his deposition by the Khalif. Other ancestors in the direct line have been rabbis and authors of distinction.

Among more modern pedigrees the most interesting is that of the De Vahl family, who assert that one of their ancestors occupied the throne of Poland for a brief period in the sixteenth century. It would take too much space to inquire how far this story is true; but that, to some extent, it is based on fact is impossible, from the evidence, to doubt. Saul Vahl was the son of Rabbi Samuel Judah, Chief Rabbi of Padua, and grandson of the celebrated Maharam, otherwise Rabbi Mier Katzenellenbogen, of the same city. Saul emigrated to Poland and settled in Brisk, where he made the acquaintance of the Duke Radziwell, who had been under an obligation to his father, Rabbi Samuel. Under this high patronage Saul became wealthy and influential, and, on the death of Stefan Bathory, took part in the Council of Nobles appointed to elect a successor to the throne. The Council could not agree, and, as their constitution bound them to elect a king at their first meeting, they resolved to obtain the adjournment they required by appointing Saul King of Poland for one day. Hence his surname Vahl or Wahl—"the elected." It has been suggested that Saul was only elected in sport. Curiously enough, this legend is not the only one of its kind in Polish history. It is said that after the death of King Popiel the Diet also failed to agree, and, in their dilemma, determined that the first person to enter the town of Kruszwica on the following morning should be proclaimed king. In this way the choice fell on a Jew named Abraham Prochovnik, who, however, after three days' reign, induced the Diet to elect Piast in his stead. It is not at all improbable that this legend has in some way crossfertilised the story of the indubitable importance achieved by Saul Vahl. However that may be, the genealogy from this romantic personage has been carefully preserved in all its branches, and members of the family are found in every part of the world. The first to arrive in this country was Moses, the son of Samuel, eighth in direct male descent from Saul, who, in the reign of George II, became known as a wealthy and enterprising merchant, under the name of Moses Samuel. His second son, Denis Samuel, emigrated to Rio, and negotiated several of the early Brazilian loans. He was created a baron, under the title of Baron de Samuel, by the King of Portugal in 1854. In his will he enjoined his son to take the name of De Vahl, after their ancestor Saul. Hence the contemporary Baron de Vahl.

Descended from the same stock are also the present Barons de Worms, the younger of whom,

Baron Henry, is well known as a politician, and has even been described by a hostile critic as the Admirable Crichton of the Conservative party. His father, Solomon Worms, who was a nephew of N. M. Rothschild, the founder of the famous firm in New Court, was brought over to England in 1814 by his uncle, and was educated here. He married the only daughter of Simon Samuel, eldest son of Moses Samuel. Solomon Worms's mother was the eldest daughter of the first Frankfort Rothschild. The Worms family have distinguished themselves in many spheres of activity. In Ceylon the career of two of their members is still well remembered. Sir Emerson Tennant has written of them, "that no capitalists in the colony have contributed more to its advancement." As their name testifies, the family came originally from Worms, where one of their ancestors, Anton von Worms, a celebrated engraver, flourished about 1530. They afterwards settled in Frankfort and became important personages in the Jewish community. A hundred years ago the physician, Asher Anselm Worms, was the Admirable Crichton of the Frankfort Judengasse. He composed in Hebrew, German, and Latin with equal elegance and ease. Besides profound disquisitions in Jewish Theology, Dr. Worms wrote on Mathematics, Mechanics, Physics, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Music, and Grammar. His son, Simon Worms, who appears to have visited London, where he published some of his father's works, was also a well-known physician. About the same time the names of Meir Worms and Gabriel Worms appear in the Synagogue records as active members.

Two other well-known Anglo-Jewish families boast the ancestry of Saul Vahl. One of them is the Phillips's. Moses Samuel's sister Esther married Phineas Phillips, a merchant who regularly attended the Leipzig commercial fairs, or "Messen," and settled for some time in England in 1775. He carried on extensive transactions in indigo and gums, and realised a considerable fortune. His son, Samuel Phillips, established himself in London, and was the father of Sir Benjamin Phillips, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. The other family of Vahl extraction is the Benas', well known in Liverpool banking circles. Benjamin, the fourth son of Saul Vahl, took the surname of Benas. A descendant of his, Louis Benas, married his cousin Rose Lichtenstadt, granddaughter of the Phineas Phillips just mentioned. Their eldest son is the present Mr. Baron Louis Benas, one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the City of Liverpool. Mr. Benas's grandmother was a scion of the Abarbanel family. His eldest sister, Mrs. Lublin, has contributed largely to serial literature. Several of her translations of Kompert's charming Ghetto stories have appeared in the "Jewish World" under the *nom de plume* of "Miles Prescott."

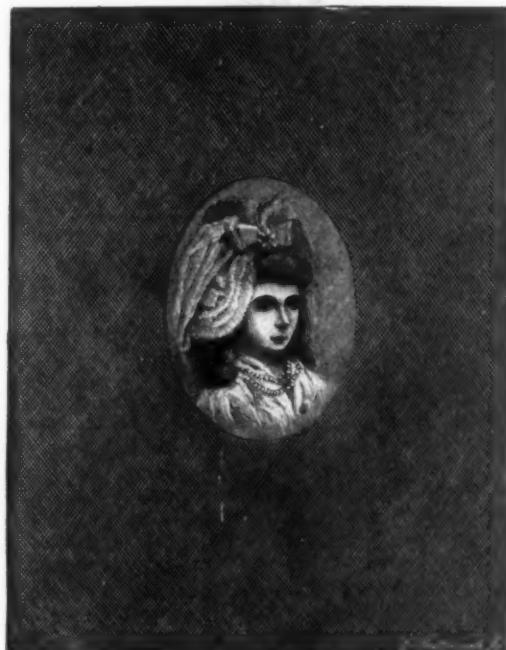
Coming now to pedigrees in which there is no trace of myth or doubt, we alight in the first instance on a distinguished Marrano family, who have preserved a ducal rank to this day, and, as British subjects, have obtained from the English Government a recognition of the patent of nobility

won by an ancestor in Spain. I refer to the Lousadas, who are connexions of the celebrated Duque de Losada. About two hundred and fifty years ago the family became divided. One branch fled to Holland in order to re-embrace their traditional Judaism, while the other remained in Spain as "Nuevo Christianos"—that is, Jews who were outwardly Christian, but preserved their allegiance to Judaism in secret. Among the earliest Jewish settlers in this country in the time of Cromwell was Mosses Baruh Lousada, who with David Abarbanel Dormido divided the first wardenship of the Spanish and Portuguese congregation in 1664. I fancy I have traced this Lousada in the very defective London Directory of 1677 in the entry, "Moses Berrew, Dukes Place." This branch of the family eventually emigrated to Jamaica, where they became important landowners. In the meantime the Lousadas in Spain rose higher and higher in the public service, and in 1759 one of them was created a Grandee of Spain and Duque de Losada y Lousada. He left no direct issue, and his titles fell into abeyance. Some years later they were revived in the person of Isaac de Lousada, a scion of the Jamaica branch, who had again settled in England, and who married a granddaughter of the Baron d'Aguilar. Isaac de Lousada was the great-grandfather of Horace, the present duke and nephew of another Isaac de Lousada, who acquired the Peak House Estate in Devonshire, and was the first Jewish landowner in England.

Another Marrano family of no less distinction is that of the Mendez da Costas, now represented in the Anglo-Jewish community by one lady, Miss Esther Mendez da Costa, of Brighton, who is a member of the ancient Bevis Marks congregation. The two families of Mendez and da Costa occupied for a long period an important position in the highest walks of public life in Portugal. From the senior branch of the former family was descended the famous Turkish statesman Juan Miques, Duke of Naxos and the Cyclades, who won Cyprus for the Ottoman Crown. The direct ancestor of the present family was Antonio Mendez, physician to John IV of Portugal and professor of medicine at Coimbra. When Catherine of Braganza, daughter of John IV, came to England as the bride of Charles II, Antonio Mendez attended her as physician, and his brother Andrea figured in her suite as chamberlain. A third brother, Fernando, established himself in England in the banking business. No sooner had these three Marranos arrived here than they threw off the mask they had been obliged to wear in Portugal and publicly joined the Jewish community. This was only six years after the readmission of the Jews. A sister, who had married Alvaro da Costa, also settled here with her husband and family about the same time. This sister had two sons, who married their cousins, the only daughters of Antonio and Andrea, and in this wise the family name became Mendez da Costa. Among their descendants was Emanuel Mendez da Costa, who was assistant secretary to the Royal Society from 1763 to 1768, and Benjamin, who purchased the freehold of the Bevis Marks synagogue and pre-

sented it to the congregation. One of its best-known connections was Isaac, or Antonio, Suasso, of Amsterdam, who was created by Charles II of Spain Baron d'Auvergne le Grand, and who presented William of Orange with two million crowns for the purposes of the expedition which won him the English throne, stipulating only that it should be repaid in the event of the enterprise proving successful. Many members of the family contracted Gentile alliances. Fernando Mendez became in this way an ancestor of Sir F. Head. A great-granddaughter of Andrea Mendez married Lord Galway, and was great-grandmother of the late Lord Houghton. Another member of the

Mr. David Brandon, the architect, and Mr. Gabriel Brandon, the solicitor, are perhaps the best known contemporary members of the family. After a career in Spain, they emigrated to Holland in the sixteenth century, and subsequently took up their abode in Hamburg. Juan Francisco Brandon and David Brandon were among the twelve Jewish capitalists who helped to found the Hamburg Bank in 1619. The first Brandon to settle here must have followed closely on the heels of Menasseh ben Israel, for, although Cromwell died two years after he had granted permission to the Jews to re-enter England, this Brandon was able, within that short



HESTER MONTEFIORE.

(From an original Miniature in the possession of
Mr. J. B. Montefiore.)

family, Sarah Mendez da Costa, having married in the first instance Moses Lara, brother-in-law to Rachel Disraeli, aunt of the late Lord Beaconsfield, took for her second husband Colonel James Brydges Williams, whom she survived. At her death she left £40,000 to Lord Beaconsfield "in testimony of approval and admiration of his efforts to vindicate the race of Israel," and expressed her wish that he should adopt "the name and arms of the families of Lara and Mendez da Costa in addition to or precedent to that of Disraeli." The Brydges Williams seem to have quite an attraction for Jewish alliances. A member of the present family is married to a daughter of Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph."

Earlier than the Mendez da Costas in their settlement in this country were the Brandons.

period, to render substantial services to the Commonwealth. As a reward he and his family were granted by the Protector the right of holding freehold property, notwithstanding that they were disqualified as Jews. David Brandon, a son of this early settler, resided at Worthing in the last century. One of David's sons, Gabriel Israel Brandon, held, during the whole of his lifetime, the exclusive right of acting as tobacco broker in London. He divided with his brother Raphael Rodrigues Brandon the wardenship of the Bevis Marks synagogue in 1794. Members of the family are still extant and active in the congregation.

Foremost among contemporary Anglo-Jewish families are the Mocattas. As their name testifies, they are of Eastern origin. They settled in Spain in the eighth century, following in the wake of

the conquering armies of Tarik and Musa. After the expulsions by Ferdinand and Isabella the family became dispersed. One branch proceeded to Holland, where its members presided from time to time over the Amsterdam congregation, and contributed to the rich literature of the Hispano-Jewish exiles. A Mosé Mocato was a literary contemporary of Spinoza. The connection of the Mocattas with this country seems to have commenced at an early date. The London Direc-

a south Cape of Africa that could be doubled. Abraham Mocatta's son Moses was well known as the translator of Troki's celebrated controversial essay "Chizuk Emounah." Together with his two brothers and his cousin—father of the present Mr. F. D. Mocatta—Moses Mocatta founded the Reform Congregation of British Jews.

Abraham Mocatta had three daughters, the two elder of whom, Rachel and Grace, married two sons of an Italian Jew named Moses Vita Monte-



(From a Print by Dighton.)
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE IN 1817.

tory of 1677, the oldest printed list of merchants and bankers of London, contains the entry "Moses Mocate, Camomile Street." In 1694 Mr. Isaac Lumbruso de Mattos Mocatta established in Mansell Street a firm which, about three-quarters of a century later, became Mocatta and Keyser, and in 1783, when Mr. Asher Goldsmid joined it, assumed the style, which it still preserves, of Mocatta and Goldsmid, bullion brokers to the Bank of England. Abraham Mocatta, the son of Isaac, married about 1760 the heiress of the Lamegos, another ancient family, one of the progenitors of which, a Jewish navigator of the fifteenth century, was the first to bring the intelligence to Europe that there was

fiore, who had taken up his residence in England in 1758, and was the founder of the present well-known Anglo-Jewish family. The records of the Montefiores do not reach farther back than some 250 years. The earliest notice we have of them exists in the shape of a silk ritual curtain, magnificently embroidered and fringed with gold, which, on festive occasions, is suspended before the ark in the ancient Jewish synagogue of Ancona. In the centre of this curtain is a Hebrew inscription, recording its gift to the synagogue in 1630 by Leone Montefiore, whose wife Rachel, it states, had embroidered and inscribed it with her own hands. That the Montefiores had a history prior to this date is proved by their name

which, there is strong reason to believe, was adopted from one of the five villages of Montefiore existing in various parts of Italy, in one of which doubtless the early Montefiores resided. From Ancona several members of the family migrated to Leghorn. Here, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there were Montefiores who signed themselves "Montefiore d'Ancona." One of them, Isach Vita Montefiore, was a merchant of standing in 1690. He took into his business his nephew Judah, who had come from Ancona to seek his fortune. Judah in process of time married a daughter of the Medinas, who bore him four sons, the eldest of whom was the Moses Vita Montefiore who settled in England in 1758. A portrait of Moses' wife, from a miniature in the possession of Mr. J. B. Montefiore, is given herewith. It was the fourth son of Moses Vita Montefiore who married Rachel Mocatta. He had by her eight children, the eldest of whom was the late Sir Moses Montefiore. The present Sir Francis Montefiore is a grandson of the second son Abraham. One of Sir Moses's uncles, Joshua Montefiore, was a well-known writer on commercial law. He was the first English Jew to receive a commission in the army, and was present at the taking of Martinique and Guadalupe. Among other distinguished members of the family are Messrs. Jacob and Joseph B. Montefiore, who founded the Bank of Australia. Mr. Jacob Montefiore is the sole survivor of the Commission appointed by William IV in 1836 to organise the Government of South Australia. The late Mr. Jacob Levi Montefiore was a member of the first Upper Chamber nominated under constitutional government in New South Wales. His brother is a well-known Belgian senator.

The second daughter of Mr. Abraham Mocatta married Moses Vita Montefiore's third son, Samuel. His daughter became the wife of a prominent Morocco merchant named Judah Guedalla, who had settled in this country, and died a centenarian in 1858. A sister of Judah Guedalla married Abraham M. Lara, whose family has been already referred to in connection with the Mendez da Costas. The present Mr. Haim Guedalla, who married a niece of the late Sir Moses Montefiore, and sister of Mr. Sebag-Montefiore, of East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate, is the eldest son of Judah Guedalla. The family is of some antiquity and has produced men of consequence. Don Judah Guedalla flourished at Lisbon towards the end of the fifteenth and the beginning

of the sixteenth centuries. With his sons he left Portugal and emigrated to Salonica, where he established a printing-press which he worked until 1537. Another prominent Guedalla was Rabbi Judah ben Moses, who in 1573 wrote the *Massoreth Talmud Yerushalmi*, and was author of other theological works. He is also remembered as a distinguished Cabalist. A third prominent member of the family was Rabbi Abraham ben Samuel, author of a commentary on the *Yalkut*. The name of Haim Guedalla is not altogether unknown in Anglo-Jewish history. It was borne in another form by the English Chief Rabbi of 1281, whose name appears in documents of the time as "Haginus filius Deulacres." "Haginus" is obviously the Hebrew "Haim," and Dr. Neubauer has shown that Deulacres is a corruption of Dieu le croisse, which is a translation of the Hebrew name Guedalah. It was a common practice among the mediæval Jews to translate their Hebrew names in this way.

Mr. Serjeant Simon, M.P. for Dewsbury, claims as an ancestor Don Balthaser Isaac Orobio de Castro, one of the ablest of the Marranos, who escaped from Spain to Holland in the seventeenth century. As a young man and an ostensible Catholic, Orobio lectured at the University of Alcala de Honores, and subsequently became physician to the ducal family of Medina Celi. Denounced as a Judaizer, he passed three years in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He was then exiled, and, after a short period spent in the south of France, proceeded to Amsterdam, where he joined the Jewish congregation. Orobio was on friendly terms with Spinoza, and wrote much in defence of Judaism. His granddaughter married Abraham Furtado of Amsterdam, and their son Isaac Orobio Furtado settled in Montego Bay, Jamaica, in the time of Charles II, and received large grants of land from government. The next in descent was Jacob Orobio Furtado, who married Rachel da Costa Alvarenga, a sister of Dr. Isaac Alvarenga, who filled a high post in the medical department of the British navy, and, after forty years' service, retired with the rank and half-pay of a rear-admiral. Jacob Furtado's only daughter, Rebecca Orobio Furtado, was Mr. Serjeant Simon's mother. Her husband, Isaac Simon, held a considerable estate in Jamaica, and was one of the first men of social position in the island who did anything towards the manumission of slaves.

LUCIEN WOLF.

A POOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXV.—AN ENCOUNTER UNFORESEEN.



OLD CROCKFORD'S WARNING.

THE young people drove from Penton to the Hook very silent and overawed, the two girls close together, and Walter opposite to them, looking very heavy and dull, his eyes red with want of sleep and the air of one who has been up all night in every line of him. It is curious what an air of neglect this gives even to the clothes. He felt shabby, out of order, in every way uncomfortable in body and dazed in mind, not feeling that he knew anything about what had happened, nor that he cared to think of that. He almost went to sleep with the closeness and the motion of the carriage, and took no more notice of the presence of the stranger opposite to him than if she had been another sister. It had annoyed him for the first moment to have her there, but by this time he was quite indifferent to the fact, indifferent to everything, dazed with sleep and agitation and the weakening

influence of a struggle past. But there came a moment as they neared home when his senses returned to him with a bound. He was looking vaguely out of the carriage window seeing nothing, when suddenly, vaguely, there appeared at a distance, going up a road which led away from the main road deep into the quiet of the fields, a solitary figure. It was little more than a speck upon the road, a little shadow almost like that of a child: but it woke Walter fully up in a moment and made his heart beat. He called to the coachman to stop, to the great astonishment of Ally, who thought that something more must have happened in a day so full of fate, and cried out,

"What is it, Wat, what is the matter?" with anxiety in her tone.

"Nothing," he said, opening the door as the horses drew up; "but I should prefer to walk if

you don't mind ; I think I shall go to sleep altogether if I stay here."

" Shall I come too ? " said Ally : but a glance at her companion showed her that this was impracticable.

" Oh, Wat, don't be long ! Mother will want to ask you—she will want to know—"

" You can tell her as much as I can," he said, taking off his hat in honour of Mab, who looked out with much surprise at this sudden interruption of the drive, which was so dreary and yet so full of novelty and interest. And then the carriage went on.

Ally looking out of the window saw with great perplexity and distress that he turned back along the road. Was he going back to Penton ? where was he going ? Mab by her side immediately interposed with a reason.

" Men don't like close carriages," she said ; " they always prefer walking coming home from places. I don't wonder ; I should walk if I might."

" We might if we were to go together," said Ally ; " we always walk with Walter, Anne and I. He likes it too. Let us—" But then she remembered that Wat had given no sort of invitation. And when she looked out again he had vanished from the road. Where had he gone ? This was very startling, not to be explained by anything that occurred to Ally. She added quickly, " But it is very cold, and mother will be anxious." And the carriage rolled on without any further interruption through the village and down the steep and stony way.

Walter could not have restrained himself even had the occasion of his leaving them been now apparent. He felt as if all his life were involved in getting speech of *her*, in receiving her sympathy and hearing her voice. He had never had such an opportunity before, never met her, scarcely in daylight seen her face, and to see her pursuing the loneliest road, where nobody ever appeared, which led nowhere in particular, where he could have her all to himself without the possibility of being sent away ! He hurried along after her, striking across a field and dropping over a low wall, which brought him immediately in front of her as she strolled along. She gave a little cry at sight of him, or rather at the suddenness of the apparition, not distinguishing at first who it was. She was dressed in very dark stuff with some rough fur about her throat and a thick gauze veil shrouding the upper part of her face. The little outline was so slim and pretty that any imperfection in costume or appearance was lost in the daintiness of the trim form. Indeed, how should Walter have seen any imperfection ? She was not like anybody he had ever known. What was different could not but be an added grace.

" You didn't expect to see me," he said, coming up to her with his hat in his hand.

" How should I ? I thought no one knew this path but I. It is so quiet. And I saw no one on the road, nothing but a carriage. Ah, I know ! You jumped out of the carriage. It was hot and stifling, and there were ladies in it who made you do propriety. I know."

" There was my sister," said Walter, " but I saw you. That was my reason, and the best one a man could have."

" You are only a boy," she said, shaking her head with a smile. Only her chin and lips were clear of that envious thick veil. The rest of her face was as if behind a mask, but how sweet the mouth was, and the smile that curved it ! " And how could you tell it was I ? Everybody wears the same sort of thing, tweed frock, and jacket, and—"

" There is nobody like you ; it is cruel to ask me how I knew. If you would only understand—"

" I have heard that sort of thing before, Mr. Penton."

" Yes, I don't doubt every fellow would say it, of course : but nobody could mean it so much as I."

" That's what you all say : but I don't believe it a bit : only I suppose it amuses you to say it, and it does, a little, amuse me. There are so few things," she said, with a sigh, " to amuse one here."

" That is what I feel," cried the lad ; " nothing—we have nothing to keep you here. It is all so humdrum and paltry—a little country place. There is nothing in it good enough for you."

She laughed with an air of keen amusement, which in his present condition slightly jarred upon Walter.

" It is a great deal too good for me," she said, " old Crockford's niece. If anybody speaks to me I curtsey and say, ' Yes, ma'am, it's doing me good, it is indeed, this fine fresh air.'"

" I wish," said the boy, " you would drop this, and tell me once for all who you really are. I'm not happy to-day. We are all in great trouble. I wish you would not laugh, but just be serious once."

" Oh no, sir, I'll not laugh if you don't like it—nor nothing else as you don't like. I know my place and how to behave to my betters. I'm Emmy, old Crockford's niece." And she paused in the middle of the road to make him a curtsey. " I've never said nothing else, now 'ave I, sir ?"

He looked at her with irritation beyond expression. Could not she see that he was in no humour for jest to-day ? And yet he could not but feel that the tone of her imitation was perfect, and that as she said these latter words it was certainly in the voice and with the manner which old Crockford's niece would have employed.

" You don't know," he said, " how you fret me with all that. I thought when I saw you that I'd fly to you and get comforted a little. I don't want to have jokes put upon me just now. All this is very amusing—it's so well done—and it's so droll to think that it's you ; but I have been through a great fight this morning," said Walter, with that self-pity which is so warm at his age. He felt his eyes moisten, something was in his throat—he was so sorry for himself ; and he almost thought it would be best, after all, to hurry home to his mother, who always understood a man, instead of lingering out here in the cold, even with the most delightful, the most enthralling of women, who would do nothing but laugh. He was in this mood, with his eyes cast down, his

head bent, standing still, yet with a sort of movement in his figure as if he would have gone away again, when suddenly a shock, a thrill of sweeter consciousness went through him—and his whole being seemed rapt in delicious softness, comprehension, consolation. She had put her hand suddenly on his arm with a quick, impulsive movement.

"Poor boy!" she said. "You have been in a great fight? Tell me all about it."

Her voice had changed to the tenderest, coaxing tone.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in sudden ecstasy, holding close to his side the hand that had stolen within his arm—and for some time could say no more.

"Well?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Walter, "I'll tell you presently. I don't know that I want to tell you at all. I want you to take an interest in me."

"Oh, if that is all!" she said; then, after a moment, drew her arm away. "If we should meet any one, Mr. Walter Penton, it would not look at all pretty to see you walking arm-in-arm with a—girl who lives in the village; a girl whom nobody knows, and, of course, whom everybody thinks ill of; but I can hear you quite well without that. Come, tell me what it is. Did you say a fright or a fight?"

"Both," said Walter. He made various attempts to recover the hand again, but they were all fruitless. The mere touch, however, had somehow—how he could not tell—made things more natural, harmonised all the contrarieties in life, brought back a better state of affairs. The fumes of sleep and fatigue seemed to die away from his brain: the atmosphere grew lighter. It did not occur to him that to disclose the most private affairs of his family to this little stranger was anything extraordinary. He told her all about the bargain between his father and his cousin, and how he himself had been left out, and his consent never asked, though he was the heir; and what had happened this morning—how he had been sent to fetch the parties to this bargain, and the papers, and how he had been tempted to delay or not to go.

"If I had not answered from my room when I heard them, if I had pretended not to hear, if I had only held back, which would have been no sin! Should I have done it? Shouldn't I have done it?" cried Walter, quite unaware of the absurdity of his appeal.

The girl listened to all this with her head raised to him in an attitude of attention, but in reality with the most divided interest and a mind full of perplexed impatience. What did she care about his doubts—doubts and difficulties which she could not understand—which did not concern her? Her attention even flagged, though her looks did not. She wanted none of this grave talk: it was only the lighter kind of intercourse which she fully understood.

"Then it was you," she said, seizing the only tangible point in all this outburst, "that I heard thundering past the cottage just before daylight? I couldn't think what it could be."

"Did you hear me? I looked up at the windows, but they were all closed and shut up. I wish," cried the young man, "I had known you were awake, I should not have felt so desolate."

"Oh!" she cried, with a little toss of her head, "what good could that have done you?" Then, seeing the cloud come over his face again which had lifted for a moment, "And how has it all ended?" she asked.

"Ended?" He looked at her with surprise. He had not even asked himself that question, or realised that there was a question at all. How could it end but in one way?

"It is so good of you to tell me," she resumed, "when I am only a stranger and know nothing; but I hope they won't succeed in cheating you out of your money."

"My money? oh, there is nothing about money. Money is not the question."

"I know," she said, with a pretty air of confusion—"your property I mean; but they couldn't really take it from you, could they? Tell me what you will do when you come into your own. I should like to know."

Walter's heart stood still for the moment. He felt as if he had suddenly come up against a blank world. Was this all she understood or would take notice of, of the struggle he had gone through? Had she no feeling for his moral difficulties or sympathy; or was it perhaps that she thought that struggle too private to be discussed, and thus rebuked him by turning the conversation aside from that too delicate channel? In the shock of feeling himself misunderstood he paused bewildered, and seized upon the idea that she understood him too clearly, and checked him with a more exquisite perception of her own. "You think I should not speak of it?" he said. "You think I should not blame—you think—Oh, I understand. A delicate mind would not say a word. But I would not, except to you. It is only to you."

"Now I wonder," said the girl, "why it should be to me? for I don't understand anything about it. And all that you've been telling me about wanting one thing and doing another, I can't tell what you mean—except that I hope it will end very well, and that you will get what you want and be able to live very happy at the end. That's how all the stories end, don't you know. And tell me, when you come into all that fine property, what will you do?"

She wanted nothing but to bring him back to the badinage which she understood and could play her part in. All this grave talk and discussion of what he ought or ought not to have done embarrassed her. She did not understand it, and yet she knew by instinct that to show how little she understood would be to lose something of her attraction: for though she was scarcely capable of comprehending the ideal woman whom the youth supposed he had found in her, yet she divined that it was not herself but an imaginary being who was so sweet in Walter's eyes. Perhaps it was even with a dull pang and sense of her inferiority that she discovered this: but she could not make herself other than she was. At any risk

she had to regain that lighter tone which was alone possible to her. She put up her veil a little and looked at him with a sort of laughing provocation in her eyes. It was a vulgar version of the "Come, woo me," of the most delightful of heroines. She could understand him or any man on that ground. She knew how to reply, to elude, or to lead on; but in other regions she was not so well prepared; she preferred to lead the conversation back to herself and him.

"I do not suppose," he said, in a subdued tone, "that there will be any property to come in to."

"Oh, that is nonsense," she said, putting this denial lightly away; "of course there will be property some time or other. And when you come into your fortune, tell me, what shall you do?"

Walter gave up with a sigh his hope of receiving support and consolation; but even now he was not able to follow her lead. "I suppose," he said, very uncheerfully, "I shall have to go to Oxford. That's the only thing I shall be allowed to do."

"Oh, to Oxford!" she cried, with disdain.

"I don't know that I wish it, only it's the right thing to do, I suppose," said Walter, with another sigh. "Don't you think so?"

"I think so?" No, indeed! If I were you—oh, if I were you! That's what I should like to be, a young gentleman with plenty of money and able to do whatever I pleased."

"Oh," he said, with a shudder, "don't say so; you who are so much finer a thing—so much—don't you know—it is a sort of sacrifice to talk so."

At this she laughed with frank contempt. "That's nonsense," she said; "but I should not go to Oxford. I'd go into the Guards. It is they that have the best of it; almost always in London, and going everywhere. I should not marry, not for years and years."

"Marry!" cried Walter, and blushed, which it did not occur to his companion to do.

"No, I should not marry," said the girl; "I should have my fun, that is, if I were a gentleman. I should make the money go; I should go in for horses and all sorts of things. I should just go to the other extremity and do everything the reverse of what I have to do now. That's because I can do so little now. Come, tell me, Mr. Penton, what should you do?"

Walter was much discomposed by this inquiry. He was disturbed altogether by the turn the conversation had taken. It was not at all what he had intended. He felt baffled and put aside out of the way: but yet there was an attraction in it, and in the arch look which was in her eyes. He felt the challenge and it moved him, notwithstanding that in his heart he was deeply disappointed that she had thrown back his confidences and not allowed herself to be drawn into his thoughts. He half understood, too, whether she wanted to lead him—into those encounters of wit in which she had so easily the mastery, in which he was so serious, pleading for her grace, and she so capricious, so full of mystery, holding him at bay. But he could not all at once, after all the experiences of the morning, begin to laugh again.

"I am stupid to-day," he said. "I can't think

of fortune or anything else. I dare say I should do just the reverse of what you say."

"What! marry?" she said. "Oh, silly! You should not think of that for years."

"I should do more than think of it," cried Walter, "if I—if you—if there was any chance—" The boy blushed again, half with the shy emotion of his years, the sudden leaping of his blood towards future wonders unknown. And then he stopped short, breathing hard. "You tempt me to say things only to mock me," he said. "You think it is all fun: but I am in earnest, deep in earnest, and I mean what I—"

He stopped suddenly, the words cut short on his lips. They had turned a corner of the road, and close to them, so close that Walter stumbled over the stones on which he was seated, slowly chipping away with his hammer, was old Crockford, with ruddy old face and white hair, and his red comforter twisted about his neck.

"Is that you, baggage?" said the old man, who saw the girl first as they came round the corner. "What mischief are ye after now? I never see one like you for mischief. Why can't ye let the lads alone? Why, Master Walter!" he cried, in consternation, letting the hammer fall out of his hand.

"Yes, Crockford. What's the matter? Do you think I am a ghost?" said Walter, in some confusion. It was cowardly, it was miserable, it was the smallest thing in the world. Was he ashamed to be seen with her, she who was (he said to himself) the most perfect creature, the sweetest and fairest? No, it could not be that; it was only what every young man feels when a vulgar eye spies upon his most sacred feelings. But he grew very red, looking the old stone-breaker, the road-mender, humblest of all functionaries, in the face as he spoke.

"Ghost!" said old Crockford, "a deal worse than that. A ghost could do me no harm. I don't believe in 'em. But the likes of *her*, that's another pair o' shoes. I know'd as she'd get me into trouble the moment I set eyes on her. Be off with you home, and let the young gentleman alone. You've made him think you're a lady, I shouldn't wonder. And if Mr. Penton found out he'd put me out of my cottage. Don't give me none of your sauce, but run home."

"I have done no harm," said the girl. "Mr. Penton couldn't put you out of your cottage because I took a walk. And you can send me away when you please. You know I'm not afraid of that."

"I know you're always up to mischief," said the old man, "and that if it isn't one it's another. I've had enough of you. There's good and there's bad of women just like other creatures, but for making mischief there's nought like them, neither beasts nor man. Be off with you home."

"Crockford, you forget yourself. That's not a way to speak to a—*to a young lady*," cried Walter, wavering between boyish shame and boyish passion. "And as for my father—"

"A young lady; that's all you know! Do you know who she is, Mr. Walter?" cried the old man.

"I am old Crockford's niece," said the girl, "and I know my place. I've never given myself out for any more than I am; now have I, sir? Thank you for walking up the hill with me, and talking so kind. But it's time I was going home. He's quite right, is the old man; and my duty to you, sir, and good day; and I hope you will come into your fortune all the same."

How was it that she turned, standing before him there in the road in all her prettiness and cleverness, into Crockford's niece, with the diction and the air proper to her "place," was what Walter could not tell. She cast him a glance as she turned round which transfixed him in the midst of his wonder and trouble, then turned and took the short cut across the field, running, getting over the stile like a bird. Which was she, one or the other? Walter stood and gazed stupidly after her, not knowing what to think or say.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE NEW STATE OF AFFAIRS.

WHEN Mr. Penton in the dog-cart was heard coming down the steep path to the open gates there was a universal rush to door and window to receive him. The delay in his coming had held the household in a high state of tension, which the arrival of the carriage with Ally and the young visitor increased. The girls could give no information except that Sir Walter was very ill, and that Mr. Russell Penton himself had put them into the carriage and sanctioned their coming away. Ally took her mother anxiously aside to explain.

"I didn't know what to do. She is Mr. Russell Penton's niece; she has no father or mother. She wanted to come, and he seemed to want her to come. Oh, I hope I haven't done wrong! I couldn't tell what to do."

"Of course, there is the spare room," said Mrs. Penton, but she was not delighted by the appearance of the stranger. "Tell Martha to light a fire in the spare room. But you must amuse her yourselves, you and Anne; your father must not be troubled with a visitor in the house."

"Oh, she will not be like a visitor, she will be like one of ourselves," said Ally.

The father, however, observed the little fair curled head at the drawing-room window as he drove up, and it annoyed him. A stranger among them was like a spy at such a moment. The girls were at the window, and Walter, newly returned, had been standing at the gate, and Mrs. Penton was at the door. He jumped down, scarcely noticing the anxious look of inquiry with which she met him, and stopped on the step to take a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket, which he handed to the groom who had driven him.

"Thank you, Sir Edward," said the man, touching his hat with great obsequiousness.

"Sir Edward" and a sovereign! The two things together set Mrs. Penton's heart beating as it scarcely ever had beat before. She did not understand it for the moment. "Sir Edward;" and a sovereign! This perhaps was the most impressive incident of all.

Then he took her by the arm without a word of explanation. "Come with me into the book-room, Anne." He had not a word even for little Molly, who came fluttering like a little bird across the hall and embraced his leg, and cried, "Fader, fader!" in that little sweet twitter of a voice which was generally music to his ears.

"Take her away," was all he said, with a hasty pat of her little shining head. His face was as grave as if the profoundest trouble had come upon him, and wore that vague air of resentment which was natural to him. Fate or Fortune or Providence, however you like to call it, had been doing something to Edward Penton again. As a matter of course, it was always doing something to him—crossing his plans, setting them all wrong, paying no attention to his feelings. There was no conscious profanity in this thought, nor did the good man even suppose that he was arraigning the Supreme Disposer of all events. He felt this sincerely, with a sense of injury which was half comic, half tragic. Mrs. Penton was used to it, and used to being upbraided for it, as if she had somehow a secret influence, and if she pleased might have arrested the decisions of fate.

"Well, Edward?" she said, breathless, as he closed the book-room door.

"Well," he replied. The fire was low, and he took up the poker violently in the first place and poked and raked till he made an end of it altogether. "I think," he said, "after being out all the morning, I might at least find a decent fire."

"I'll make it up in a moment, Edward. A little wood will make it all right."

"A little wood! and you'll have to ring the bell for it, and have half a dozen people running and the whole house disturbed, just when I have so much to say to you! No, better freeze than that!" He turned his back to the fire, which, after all, was not quite without warmth, and added, after a moment, not looking at her, contracting his brows, and with a sort of belligerent shiver to let her see that he was cold, and that it was her fault. "My uncle is dead."

"Is it all over, Edward? I fancied that it must be soon;" and then she added, with a little timidity, "were you in time?"

"In time! I was there for hours." He knew very well what she meant, but it was a sort of pleasure to him to prolong the suspense. "Of course," he said, slowly, "he could not be expected to recover at his age. Alicia should have known better than to have had—dances and things at his age."

"Dances! I have had no time to speak to Ally. I didn't know: oh, how dreadful, Edward, and the old man dying!"

"The old man wasn't dying then," he said, pettishly. "How were they to suppose he was going to die? He has often been a great deal worse. He was an old man who looked as if he might have lived for ever."

After this his wife made no remark, but furtively—her housewifely instincts not permitting her to see it go out before her eyes—stooped to the coal-box standing by to put something on the fire.

"Let it alone!" he said, angrily. "At such a

moment to be poking among the coals! Do you know what has happened? Can't you realise it a little? Here we have Penton on our hands—Penton! *That* place to be furnished, fitted out, and lived in! How are we to do it? I am in such a perplexity I think as never man was. And instead of helping me, all your thoughts are taken up with mending the fire!"

Mrs. Penton sat down suddenly in the first chair. She put her hand upon her heart, which had begun to jump. "Then you were not in time? Oh, I thought so from the first. To go on wasting day after day, and he such an old man!"

And in the extreme excitement of the moment she began to cry a little, holding her hand upon her fluttering heart: "It was what I always feared; when there is a thing that is troublesome and difficult, that is always the thing that happens," she cried.

Her husband did not make any immediate reply. He wheeled round in his turn and took up the poker, but presently threw it down again. "It is no use making a fuss over that now. It's that fellow Rochford's fault. By the way," he said, turning round again sharply, "mind, Annie, I won't have that young fellow coming here so much. It might not have mattered before, but now it's out of character—entirely out of character. Mind what I say."

Mrs. Penton took no notice of this. She went on with a little murmur of her own: "No, it is of no use making a fuss. We can't undo it now. To think it might have been settled yesterday, or any day! and now it never can be settled whatever we may do."

"I don't know what you mean by settled," he said, hastily; "nothing can be more settled; it is as clear as daylight: not that there could be any doubt at any time. The thing we've got to think of is what we are to do."

"With all the children," said Mrs. Penton, "and that great empty house, and no ready money or anything. Oh, Edward, how can I tell what we are to do? It has been before me for years. And then I thought when your cousin spoke that all was going to be right."

"There's no use speaking of that now."

"No, I don't suppose there's any use. Still when one thinks—which of course I can't help doing; when your cousin came I thought it was all right. Though you never would listen to me, I knew that you would listen to her. And now here it is again just as if that had never been!"

It was, perhaps, not generous of Mrs. Penton to indulge in these regrets, but it was expecting from her something more than humanity is capable of, to suppose that she would instantly turn into a consoler, and forget that she had ever prophesied woe. That is very well for an ideal heroine, a sweet young wife who is of the order of the embodied angel. But Mrs. Penton was the mother of a large family, and she had other things to think of than merely keeping her husband in a tranquillity which perhaps he did not desire. When there are so many interests involved, it is not easy for a woman to behave in this angelic way. Perhaps her husband did not

expect it from her. He stood leaning his back upon the mantelpiece with a countenance which had relapsed into its usual half-resentful quiet. He was not angry nor surprised, nor did he look as if he were paying much attention. It gave him a little time to collect his own thoughts while she got her little plaint and irrestrainable reflections over. Sympathy is in this as much as in other more demonstrative ways. If she had got over it in a moment without any expression of feeling, he would probably have been shocked, and felt that nothing mattered to her; but he got calm, while she, too, had her little grumble and complaint against fate.

"The thing," he said, "now, is to think what we must do. I sha'n't hurry the Russell Pentons; they can take their time: and in the meantime we must look about us. The thing is there will be no rents coming in till Lady-day, and it's only Christmas. I never thought I should have seen it in this light. To succeed to Penton seemed always the thing to look forward to. It is you that have put it in this light."

"What other light could I put it in, Edward? Penton is very different from this, and we have never been much at our ease here. I was always frightened for what would happen when you began to realise—But, dear me," she added, "what is the use of talking? We must just make the best of it. Nothing is quite so bad as it seems likely to be. With prudence and taking care, perhaps, after all, we may do—"

"Do!" he said, "to go to Penton, the great house of the family, and to be the head of the family, and to have nothing better before one than a hope that we shall be able to *do*—" And then there was a pause between this careful and troubled pair; and of all things in the world, any stranger who had seen them, would have imagined last of all that they had succeeded to a great inheritance, and that the man at least had attained to what had been his hope and dream for years.

"Well," she said at last, "I can't do you any good, Edward, and the bell for dinner will be ringing directly. You must have had an agitating morning, and I dare say ate no breakfast, and you will be the better for your dinner. I suppose we ought to draw down all the blinds."

"Why should you draw down the blinds? There is not too much light."

"I should not like," said Mrs. Penton, "to be wanting in any mark of respect. And after all, Sir Walter was your nearest relation, and you are his successor, so that it is really a death in the family."

She walked to the window as she spoke, and began to draw down the blind. He followed her hastily, and stopped her with an impatient hand.

"My windows look into the garden. Who is coming into the garden to see whether we pay respect or not? I won't have it anywhere. On the funeral day if you please, but no more. I won't have it!" It did him a little good to have an object for his irritation. She turned round upon him with some surprise, feeling the imperative grasp of his hand upon her arm. Perhaps

that close encounter and her startled look affected him; perhaps only the disturbed state in which he was, with all emotions close to the surface. He put his other hand upon her further shoulder, and held her for a moment, looking at her. "My dear," he said, "do you know you're Lady Penton now?"

She gave him another look, full of surprise and almost consternation.

"I never thought of that," she said.

"No, I never supposed you did—but so it is. There has not been a Lady Penton for thirty years. There couldn't be a better one," he said, with a little emotion, kissing her on the forehead. The look, the caress, the little solemnity of the announcement overcame her. Lady Penton! How could she ever accustom herself to that name, or think it was she who was meant by it? It drove other matters for the moment out of her head. And then the bell rang for dinner—the solid family meal in the middle of the day, which had suited all the habits of the family at Penton Hook. Already it seemed to be out of place. She dried her eyes with a tremulous, half-apologetic hand, and said,

"You know, Edward, the children—must always have their dinner at this hour."

"To be sure," he replied. "I never supposed there could be any change in that respect."

"And you must want some food," she said, "and a little comfort"—then as she went before him to the door, she paused with a little hesitation, "you know they brought a little girl with them a niece of Russell Penton's? It is a pity to have a stranger to-day, but they could not help it."

"No, I don't suppose they could help it," said Sir Edward. Neither he nor she knew anything more of their visitor than that she was a little girl, Russell Penton's niece.

They all met round the table in the usual way, but yet in a way which was not at all usual. The father and mother came in arm-in-arm, after the children had gathered in the dining-room—that is to say, he had taken her arm, placing his hand within it, and pushing her in a little before him into the room. The little children had clambered into their high chairs, and little Molly sat at the lower end, which was her usual place, close to her father's chair, flourishing a spoon in the air, and singing her little song of "Fader, fader!" Molly was always the one that called him to dinner when he was busy, and thus the cry of "fader!" had become associated with dinner in her small mind. The elder ones stood about waiting for their parents, Mab between Ally and Anne, looking curiously on at all the manners and customs of this new country in which she found herself—the unknown habits of a large family, who were not rich—all of which particulars were wonderful in her eyes. Walter, as his mother at once saw, bore a strange aspect—abstracted and far-away—as if his mind were full of anything in the world except the scene around him. Perhaps it was fatigue, for the poor boy had been up all night; perhaps the crisis, which was so extraordinary, and which contradicted

everything they had been planning and thinking of. The elder children were all grave, disturbed, a little overawed by all that was coming to pass. And for some time there was scarcely anything said. The little bustle of carving, of serving the children, of keeping them all in order, soon absorbed the mother as if it had been an ordinary day; but at the other end of the table, neither Ally, looking at him with anxious eyes on the one side, nor Molly on the other, got much attention from their father, who was occupied by such different thoughts. Mab was the only one who was free of all *arrière pensée*. She had scarcely known Sir Walter; how could she be overwhelmed by his death? and it made no difference to her: whereas this plunge into novelty and the undiscovered, was more wonderful to her than anything she had ever known. She watched the children and all their ways—the little clamour of one, the steady perseverance of another, the watchful way in which Horry devoured and kept the lead, observing lest any of the brotherhood should get before him as he worked through his meal—with delighted interest.

"Are they always like that?" she whispered to Anne. "Do you remember all their names? Do they all always eat as much? Oh, the little pigs, what darlings they are!" cried Mab under her breath.

Anne did not like to hear the children called little pigs, even though the other word was added.

"They don't eat any more than other children," she said. And Anne, too, if she was not anxious, was at least very curious and eager to hear all that had happened, which only father knew. And father's brow was full of care. They all turned it over in their minds in their different fashions, and asked each other what could possibly have happened worse than had been expected; for already experience had made even these young creatures feel that something worse happening was the most likely, a great deal more probable, than that there was something better. The mother was the most fortunate, who divided and arranged everything, and had to make allowances for Horry's third help when she first put a spoon into the pudding, a matter of severe and abstruse calculation which left little space in the thoughts for lesser things.

When dinner was over, the children all rushed out with that superfluity of spirits which is naturally produced by a full meal—but also a little quarrelsome as well, making a great noise in the hall, and requiring a great deal of management before they could be diverted into the natural channels in which human energy between the ages of twelve and two has to dissipate itself in the difficult moment of the afternoon. When the weather was good they all scampered out into the garden, where indeed Horry and his brothers rushed now with the shouts of the well-fed and self-satisfied. To recover these rebels on one hand, and to get the little tumult of smaller children dancing about in all the passages dispersed and quiet, was a piece of work which employed all the energies of the ladies. Mab Russell looked on admiring in the midst of that little rabble. She

would have liked, above all things, to head an insurrection and besiege the mother and sisters in their own stronghold. She went so far as to hold out her skirts over Horry, who took refuge behind her, seeing the face of an ally where he expected it least. They were all anxious to get the riot over, but Mab, who knew no better, interrupted the course of justice. Oh, how awkward it is to have a stranger in the house when the family affairs are trembling in the balance, and no one knows what is going to happen! This was what Ally and Anne said to each other, almost weeping over that contrariety of fortune, when they were compelled, instead of hearing all about it, to go round the grounds with Mab and show how high the water had come up last year.

CHAPTER XXVII.—NEW PLANS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the hindrances that envious fate could send, the news so important to the family got itself circulated among them at last, with the result that the strangest excitement, elation, and despondency, a complication of feelings utterly unknown in their healthful history, took possession of the Penton family. They had made up their minds to one thing—they now found themselves and all their projects and plans swallowed up in another. They had adapted themselves, the young ones with the flexibility of youth, to the supposed change in their fortunes. They had now to go back again, to forget all those innumerable consultations, arrangements, conclusions of all kinds, and take up their old plans where they had been abandoned. It had been dreadful to give up Penton. It was scarcely more agreeable to take it back again. And yet an elation, an elevation was in all their minds. Penton was theirs, that palace of the gods. They were no longer nobodies, they were people of importance. The girls found it beyond measure uncomfortable, distracting, insupportable, that on this day of all others, when they had a thousand things to say to each other—questions to ask, suggestions to make, the most amazing revolution to talk over, there should be a stranger always between them, one whom, with that civility which was born with them, and in which they had been trained, they felt themselves constrained to explain everything to, whom they would not leave out of their conversation or permit to feel that she was an intruder. She was an intruder all the same. She was in the way, horribly in the way, at this eventful moment. The family was dissolved by her presence. The father and mother retired together to the book-room to talk there, a thing they never would have done but for the stranger. And Walter strolled off on his side, scarcely saying a word to his sisters, whom he could not approach or communicate his sentiments to in consequence of Mab. It was a heavy task to the two girls to have to entertain her, to go round and round the garden with her, to point out the views of Penton, to explain to her what it was about, when one or another would burst out into some irrestrainable

exclamation or remark; but the fate of woman-kind in general was upon these devoted young women. They had to entertain the visitor, to occupy themselves with the keeping up of appearances, and to put everything that interested them most aside in their hearts.

"We put this seat here because it is the best view of Penton. No, it isn't very shady in summer, it is a little exposed to the wind, but then Penton—"

"We used to be so much interested in every view. Is this the best, or the one from the top of the hill?"

"Oh, the one on the top of the hill. Oh, I wish Penton was at the bottom of the sea!"

"I don't," cried Anne. "After all it is only the confusion with having changed our minds. It is so much better not to change one's mind, that lets so many new thoughts come in."

"And most likely the old thoughts were the best," said Ally, softly, with a little sigh. Then she added, "You must think us so strange: but it is only just to-day, for we are all excited and put out."

"One would think you did not like coming into your fortune," said Mab. "Is it because of old Sir Walter? But Aunt Gerald said you scarcely knew him."

"We never saw him: but it is terrible to think of being better off because some one has died—"

"And it is more than that. It is because we thought we were to give it all up, and now it seems it is all ours—"

"And we were always brought up to think so very much of it," Ally said. And then she added, "Shouldn't you like to come round and see where the children have their gardens; it is quite high and dry, it is beyond the highest mark. No flood has ever come up here."

This was the supreme distinction of the terrace and that part of the garden that lay beyond it. They were quite proud to point out its immunity from the floods: as they passed they had a glimpse through the windows of the book-room of Mr. and Mrs.—nay, of Sir Edward and Lady Penton, sitting together, he with a pencil in his hand jotting down something upon a piece of paper, she apparently reckoning up upon the outstretched fingers of her hand. Ally and Anne looked at each other; they would all have been deep in these calculations together if Mab had not been there.

Walter went upon his own way. Perhaps had the visitor been a man he might have had the same confinement, the same embarrassment: but probably he would have undertaken nothing of the sort. Probably he would have thrown over his guest upon the girls. What were girls good for but to undertake this sort of thing, and set more important persons free? For himself he did not feel able for anything but to realise the new position; to turn everything over in his mind, to hurry away to the neighbourhood, at least, of the one creature in the world who (he thought) might look at it from his point of view and care what he felt. Could he still think, after the reception she had given him that morning, after the blank which he

had found in her, the incapacity to understand him—could he believe still that his tumultuous feelings now and all the ferment in his mind would awaken in her that ideal sympathy and understanding of which he had dreamed? Alas, poor Walter! he knew so little in reality of *her*: what he knew was his own imagination of *her*—a perfect thing, incapable of failure, sure to sympathise and console. What he had learned from the failure of the morning was only this, that it must have been his fault, who had not known how to explain—how to make his story clear. It was not she who was to blame. He rushed up the hill with his heart a-flame, thinking of everything. He was now no disinherited knight, no neglected youth whose fate his elders decided without consulting him. Oh, no; very different. He was the heir of Penton! He had attained what he had looked for all his life. He stood trembling upon the verge of a new existence, full of the tumultuous projects, the unformed resolves that surge upwards and boil in the mind of a youth emancipated, whose life has come to such promotion, whose career lies all before him. And to what creature in the world after himself could this be of the same importance as to her who might—oh, wonderful thought!—share it with him? He had been far from having this thought in the morning. Then he was but a boy, without any definite plan, with only education before him and vague beginnings, and no certainty of anything. Now he was Walter Penton of Penton, with a position which no man could take from him—not his father even! Nobody could touch him in his rights. Not an acre could be alienated without his consent; nothing could be taken away. And then there was that story about “providing for the boy” which his father had touched on very lightly, but which came back in the strongest sense to the mind of the boy who was to be provided for. He felt the wildest impatience to tell her all this. She would understand him now. She did not know what he meant in the morning, which was, no doubt, his fault. How could she be expected to understand the fantastic discontent that was in his mind? But she would understand now. He had a certainty of this, which was beyond all possibility of mistake, and though he knew that it was very unlikely he should see her at this hour, yet the impulse of his heart was such that nothing else was possible to him but to hurry to the spot where she was—to be near her, to put himself in the way if perchance she should pass by. The painful impression with which in the morning he had seen her in a moment change herself and her aspect, and step down from the position on which she met him to that of Crockford’s niece, passed altogether from his mind—or rather it remained as a keen stimulant forcing him to a solution of the mystery which intertwined the harmony with a discord as is the wont of musicians. There could not be any such jarring note. He must account for the jarring note; it was a tone of enchantment the more, a charm disguised.

These were the things he said to himself—or rather he said nothing to himself, but such

were the gleams that flew across his mind like glimmers of light out of the sky. He went quickly up the steep hill, breasting it as if his fortune lay at the top, and a moment’s delay might risk it all—until he came within sight of Crockford’s cottage, its upper windows twinkling over the rugged bit of hedge that fenced off the little grass plot in front. Then his pace slackened—the goal was in sight; there was no need for haste—in short, even had she been visible, Walter would have dallied, with that fantastic instinct of the lover which prolongs by deferring the moment of enjoyment. And then at a little distance he could examine the windows, he could watch for some sign or token of her, as he could not do near at hand. He lingered, he stood still on a pretence of looking at the hedgerows, of examining a piece of lichen on a tree, his eyes all the time furtively turning towards that rude little temple of his soul. What a place to be called by such a name! And yet the place was not so much to be found fault with. The hedge was irregular and broken, raised a little above the path, with a rough little bit of wall, all ferns and mosses, supporting the bank of earth from which it grew; above it glistening in the low red rays of the afternoon sun, were the lattice windows of the upper storey, with the eaves of an uneven roof—old tiles covered with every kind of growth—overshadowing them; a cottage as unlike as possible to those dreadful dwellings of the poor which are the result of sanitary science and economy combined; a little human habitation harmonised by age and use with all its surroundings, and which no one need be ashamed to call home. So Walter said to himself as he stood and looked at it in the light of romance and the afternoon sun. It was as venerable as Penton itself, and had many features in common with the great house. It was more respectable and more lovely than the damp gentility of Penton Hook, which was old-new, with plaster peeling off, and a shabby modernism in its vulgar walls. Crockford’s cottage pretended to nothing, it was all it meant to be. It was in its way a beautiful place, being so harmonised by nature, so well adapted to its uses. Walter’s estimate of it increased as the moments went on. He felt at last that to bring his bride from such an abode was next door to bringing her from an ideal palace of romance; perhaps better even than that, seeing that there would be all the pleasure of setting her in the sphere which she would adorn; for would not she adorn—it was an old-fashioned phrase, yet one that suited the occasion—any sphere?

He was interrupted in these thoughts by the sound of steps approaching. All was silent, alas! in the cottage. The door was shut, for it was very cold weather, and no one appeared at a window; there was not a movement of life about. Walter knew that the room in which they lived (*i.e.* the kitchen) looked to the back. The approaching passenger, therefore, did not convey any hopes to his mind, but only annoyed him, making him leave off that silent contemplation of the shrine of his love, which he had elaborately concealed by a pretended examination of the lichens on the tree. If any one was coming, that

pretence, he felt, was not enough, and he accordingly continued his walk very slowly up the hill in order to meet the new-comer whoever he might be. When he came in sight he was not, as Walter had expected, a recognisable figure, but unmistakably a stranger—a man whose dress and appearance were as unlike as possible to anything which belonged to the village. He was a young man, rather undersized, in a coat with a fur collar, a tall hat, a muffler of a bright colour, a large cigar, and a stick of the newest fashion. He was indeed all of the newest fashion, fit for

energetic puff, put up his disengaged hand to his cravat with an involuntary movement to arrange something, and settled his shoulders into his coat—gestures corresponding to the little shake and shuffle with which some women prepare themselves to be seen, however elaborate their toilette may have been before. Then he quickened his steps a little to meet Walter, who came towards him very slowly, with a quite uncalled-for sentiment of contempt. Why should a youth in knickerbockers, in the rough roads of his native parish, feel himself superior to a gentleman visitor



UNMISTAKABLY A STRANGER.

Bond Street, and much more like that locality than a village street. Walter was not very learned in Bond Street, but he laughed to himself as he made this conclusion, feeling that Bond Street would not acknowledge such a glass of fashion. The stranger was looking at Crockford's cottage with a glass stuck in his eye, and a sort of contemptuous examination, which proved that he made a very different estimate of it from that which Walter had just done. When he in his turn heard Walter's step upon the road, he seemed to wake up to the consciousness of being looked at, in a way which aroused the contempt of the young native. He gave himself various little pulls together, took his cigar from his mouth with an

in the apparel of the higher orders, coming (presumably) out of Bond Street? Who can explain this mystery? No doubt it was balanced by a still stronger feeling of the same kind on the other side. The stranger came forward evidently with the intention of asking information. He was a sandy-haired and rather florid young man, with a badly-grown moustache and little tufts of colourless beard. His hat was a little on one side, and the hair upon which it was poised glistened and shone. The level sun came in his eyes and made him blink; it threw a light which was not flattering over all his imperfections of colour and form.

"Beg your pardon," he said, with a slight

stammer as they approached each other, "you couldn't tell me, could you, where one—Crockton or Croaker, or some such name, lives about here?"

"Croaker?" said Walter. With Crockford's cottage before his eyes, what could be more simple? The suggestion was too evident to be mistaken, as was also the other suggestion, which came like a flash of lightning, and made his eyes shine with angry fire. "I know nobody of the name," he said, quietly, making a rapid step forward; and then it occurred to him that the information thus sought might be supplied easily by any uninterested passer-by, and he paused, feeling that it was necessary to plant himself there on the defence. "What sort of a man do you want? What is he?" he asked.

"Ah, no sort of man at all—it's—it's a cottage, I believe. He may be a cobbler or a ploughboy, or a—anything you please. Am I the sort of person to know such people's trades? It's a—it's a—. Look here, I'll make it worth your while if you'll help me. It's a lady I want."

"Oh, a lady!" said Walter. He felt the blood flush to his face; but this the inquirer, occupied with his own business, did not remark. He came close, turning off the smoke of his cigar with his hand.

"Look here," he said, in a loud whisper, "I'll make it worth your while. It'll be as good as a suv—, well, I may say if you'll really find out what I want, as good as a fiver in your pocket. Oh, I say, what's the matter? I don't mean no harm."

"I wonder who you take me for," cried Walter, whose sudden move forward had thrown the other back in mingled astonishment and alarm.

The stranger eyed him from head to foot with a puzzled look, which finally awoke a little amusement in Walter's angry soul. "Don't know you from Adam," he said, "and I ain't used to fellows in knickerbockers. Swells wear them, and gamekeepers wear them. If you're a swell I beg your pardon, that's all I can say."

This prayer it pleased Walter graciously to grant. He began to enter into the humour of the situation. And then, to save her from some vulgar persecutor, was not that worth a little trouble? "Never mind," he said, "who I am. I know all the ladies that live here. Which of them is it that you want?"

"Well, she don't live here," said the other. "Yes, to be sure, she's here for the moment, with one Croaker, or something like that. But she's not one of the ladies of the place; she's not, perhaps, exactly what you would call a—. Yes, she is though—she's awfully well educated. She talks—oh, a great deal better than most of the swellest people you meet about. I've met a good few in my day," he said, with an air, caressing his moustache. "I don't know nobody that comes up to her, for my part."

He was a little beast—he was a cad—he was a vulgar little beggar: he was not a gentleman, nor anything like it. But still he seemed to have a certain comprehension. Walter's heart softened to him in spite of all provocations. "I don't think," he said, but more gently than he could

have thought possible, "that you will meet any one of that sort here."

"No? you don't think so. But they'd keep her very close, don't you see. Fact is, she was sent off to keep her out of a young fellar's way. A young swell you know, a—a friend of mine, with a good bit of money coming to him, and his people didn't think her good enough. Oh, I don't think so—not a bit. I'm all on the true love side. But where there's money, don't you know, there's always difficulties made."

"I suppose so," said Walter, with momentary gravity. And there came before him for a moment a horrible realisation—something he had never thought of before. "But I don't think," he added, "that you will find any such lady here." He was so young and simple that it was a certain ease to his conscience to put it in this way. He said to himself that he was telling no lie. He was not saying that there was no such lady here, only that he didn't think the other would find her—which he shouldn't, at least so long as Walter could help it. This little equivocation gave great comfort and ease to his mind.

"Don't you, though?" said the stranger, discouraged. "But I'm almost sure this was the village, near the river, and not far from—it answers to all the directions—if only I could find Croaker—or Crockton, or a name like that. I'm a dreadful fellow for muddling names."

"I'll tell you what," said Walter, "it may be Endsleigh, about two miles further on; that's near the river, and not far from Reading, which I suppose is what you mean—a pretty little village where people go in summer. And, to be sure, there's some people named Croaker there; I remember the name—over a shop—with lodgings to let—that's the place," he cried, with a little excitement. For all this was quite true, and yet elaborately false in intention, a combination to delight any such young deceiver. "Come along," he cried, "I'll show you the way. It lies straight before you, and Croaker's is just as you go into the village. You can't miss it. I've earned that fiver," he said, with a laugh, "but you're welcome to the information—for love."

"For love!" cried the other; and he gave the young fellow a very doubtful look, then threw a suspicious glance around as if he might possibly find some reasons lying about on the road why this young stranger should attempt to deceive him. But after all, why should a young swell in knickerbockers desire to deceive the man of Bond Street? There could be no reason. He took out his cigar-case, and offered a large and solid article of that description to Walter's acceptance, who took it with great gravity. "I can't thank you any way else—they're prime ones I can tell you," he said, and with a flourish of his stick, by way of farewell, took the way pointed out to him. Walter stood and watched him with a curious mingling of satisfaction and mischief. He threw the cigar into the ditch. It was a bad one, he had no doubt, which, perhaps, made it less a sacrifice to throw away this reward of guile.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A DECISIVE MOMENT.

BUT when this little adventure was over, it made no difference to the longing and eagerness in the boy's heart. Indeed, he wanted to see her more than ever, to find out from her who this fellow was, what he had to do with her, why he was seeking her. Could it be possible that she felt any interest in such a creature? that she—might have married him, perhaps. Could this be? He had spoken as if it was he who had been the prize. She had been sent away in order not to be a danger for him. Walter snapped the branch of a tree he had seized hold of as if it had been a twig, as the thought passed through his mind. And then he was seized with a half hysterical fit of laughter. Him, that fellow! that little beast! that cad! that—There were no words that could express his contempt and scorn and merriment, but it was not merriment of a comfortable kind. When his laugh was over, he went round and round the house without seeing any one—all was closed, the doors shut, nobody at the windows, nothing at all stirring. One or two people passed, and looked wondering to see him wander about, up and down like a ghost; but he neither saw her nor any trace of her. The red glitter went out of the windows, the sun sank lower and lower, and then went out, leaving nothing but the winter grey which so soon settled towards night. And by-and-by Walter found himself compelled by the force of circumstances to turn his back upon the cottage, and go down the steep road again towards home. The force of circumstances at this particular moment meant the family tea—and the strange, tragical, foolish complication of his own high romance and enthusiasm of love, for which he was ready to defy anything—and the youthfulness and childlessness of his position, which made it criminal for him not to be in for tea—was one of those things which confuse with ridicule all that is most serious in the world. He saw it with an acute pang how absurd it was; but he could not emancipate himself. The thought of the family consternation, the question on all sides, Where is Wat? his father's irritation, and his mother's wonder, and the apologies of the girls, and the suggestions of accident, of some catastrophe, something terrible to account for his non-appearance, were all quite visible and apparent to him; and the grotesque incompatibility of these bonds, with the passionate indulgence of his own will and wish upon which his mind was fixed. He saw all these circumstances also with a curious faculty, half of sympathy, half of repulsion, through the eyes of the little visitor, the little intruder, the girl who had suddenly become a member of the household, and who was there observing everything. She would remark the unwillingness with which he appeared; and she would remark, he felt certain, his absence both before and after, and would ask herself where he went, a question which, so far as Walter was aware, not even his mother had begun to ask as yet. He had an instinctive conviction that Mab would ask it, that she would see through

him, that she would divine what was in his heart. And when they all met about the homely table once more, the children intent upon their bread-and-butter, the mother apportioning all the cups of tea, the milk-and-water to some, the portions of cake,—Walter seemed to himself to be taking part in some scene of a comedy curiously interposed between the acts of an exciting drama. A cold world, out of doors, spreading all around, with the strangest encounters in it, with understandings and misunderstandings which made the blood run cold, and sent the heart up bounding into high passion and excitement, into feverish resolve and wild daring, and the madness of desperation—and in the very midst a sudden pause, the opening of a door, and then the confused chatter of the children, the sound of the teacups, the lamp which smelt of paraffin, the bread-and-butter,—how laughable it was, how ridiculous, what a contrast, what a slavery, how petty in the midst of all the passions and agitations that lay around! Presently, Walter, in his boyish ingenuousness, began to feel a little proud that he, so simple as he sat there in the fumes of the household tea, was in reality a distracted yet well-nigh triumphant lover, meaning to put his fortune to the touch that very night, to pledge his new life and all it might bring. They thought him nothing more than a lad to be sent to school again, to be guided at their will, when he was a man and on the eve of an all-important decision, about to dispose of his existence. He caught Mab's eyes as this thought swelled in his mind. They were not penetrating or keen eyes; they were blue, very soft, smiling, childlike, lit up with amused observation, noticing everything. But Walter felt them go through him as none of the other accustomed familiar eyes did. *She* saw there was something more than usual about him. She would divine when he disappeared that his going away meant something. The family took no heed of his absence: he had gone out to take a turn, they would say: perhaps his father would grumble that he ought to be at his books. But only that little stranger would divine that Walter's absence meant a great deal more—that it meant a romance, a poem, a drama, and that it consumed his entire life.

The dispersing of the children, the game of play permitted to Horry and the small brothers, the going to bed of the rest, made a moment of tumult and agitation. And in the midst of this Walter stole out unperceived into the clear air of the night. It was clear as a crystal, the sky shining, almost crackling with a sudden frost, the stars twinkling out of their profound blue, with such a sharp and icy brilliancy as occurs only now and then in the hardest winter. The air was so clear and exhilarating that Walter did not find it cold; indeed he was too much excited to be sensible of anything save the refreshment and keen restorative pinch of that nipping and eager atmosphere. As he hurried up the hill the blood ran riot in his veins, his heart seem to bound and leap forward as if it had an independent life. He found himself under the hedge of Crockford's cottage in a few minutes, with the

feeling that he had flown or floated there, though his panting breath told of the rush he had actually made. The moon, which had but newly risen, was behind the cottage, and consequently all was black under the hedge, concealing him in the profoundest darkness. He was glad to pause there in that covert and ante-chamber of nature to regain command of himself, to get his breath and collect his thoughts—to think how he was to make his presence known. She had somehow divined that he was there on other nights, but this was a more important occasion, and he felt that he would be justified in defying all the restrictions put upon him, and letting even the Crockfords, the old people of the house, know that he was there. It was true that the idea of old Crockford daunted him a little. The old man had a way of saying things; he had a penetrating, cynical look. But it would be strange indeed, Walter reflected, if he who was not afraid of fate, who was about to defy the world in arms, should be afraid of an old stone-breaker on the roads. The thought passed through his mind, and brought a smile to his face as he stood in the dark, recovering his breath. All was perfectly silent in the night around. The village had shut itself up against the cold. There was nobody near. The heat and passion in Walter's being seemed to stand like an image of self-concentrated humanity, independent of all the influences about, indifferent, even antagonistic, throbbing with a tremendous interest in the midst of those petty personal concerns of which the world thought nothing, but in himself a world higher than nature, altogether distinct from it. The little bit of shadow swallowed him up, yet neither shadow nor light made any difference to the mind which felt all moons and stars and the whole system of the universe inferior to its own burning purpose, and intense tumultuous thoughts.

But while he stood there, indifferent to the whole earth about him, a little sound of the most trivial character suddenly caught his ear, and made every nerve tingle. It was a sound no more important than the click of the latch of the cottage door. Had she heard him, then, though he was not aware of having made any sound? Had she divined him with a mind so much more sensitive than that of ordinary mankind? He stood holding his breath, listening for her step, imagining it to himself, the little skim along the pavement, the touch when she paused, firm yet so light. He heard it in his thoughts, in anticipation: but in reality that was not what he heard. Something else sounded in his ears which made his veins swell and his heart bound, yet not with pleasure—a voice which seemed to affront the stillness and offend the night, a voice without any softness or grace either of tone or words—something alive and hostile to every feeling in his heart, and which seemed to Walter's angry fancy to jar upon the very air. And then there followed a sound of steps; they were coming to the gate. She was with him, accompanying him, seeing him off. Was it possible? Walter made a step forward and clenched his fist; he then changed his mind and drew back.

"Anyhow, you'll think it over," said the voice of the man whom he had met on the road. "It's a good offer. It ain't every day you'll get as good. A good blow-out and a good breakfast, and all that, would suit me just as well as you. I ain't ashamed of what I'm doing; and you'd look stunning in a veil and all that. But what's the good of making a fuss? It's fun, too, doing a thing on the sly."

And was it *her* voice that replied? "Yes, it's fun. I don't mind that, not a bit. I should just like to see it put on the stage. You and me coming in, and your mother's look. Oh, her look! that's what fetches me!"

It could *not* be her, not her! and yet the voice was hers; and the subdued peal of laughter had in it a tone which he had felt to thrill the air with delight on other occasions; but not now. The man laughed more harshly, more loudly: and then they appeared at the gate in the moonlight. He so near them, unable to stir without betraying himself, was invisible in the gloom. But the light caught a great white shawl in which she had muffled herself, and made a sort of reflection in the tall shiny hat. They stood for a minute there, almost within reach of his hand.

"Don't you stand chattering," she said; "it's time for your train; and I tell you it's a mile off, and you'll have to run."

"There's plenty of time," said he. "I should just like to know who was that young spark that sent me off out of my way to-day. I believe it's some one that's sweet upon you too, and as you're holding in hand—"

"Nonsense," she said, "I see nobody here."

"Oh, tell that to —them that knows no better; see nobody; only every fellow about that's worth looking at; as if I didn't know your little ways!"

She laughed a little, not displeased; and then said, "There's nobody worth looking at; but let me again say, go; the old man will be out after me. He won't believe you've got a message from mother; he doesn't now. He doesn't believe a word I say."

"No more should I if I was in his p'ce. Oh, I know your little ways. You'll have to give them over when we're married, Em. It's a capital joke now, don't you know, but when we're married—."

"We're not married yet," she said, "and perhaps never will be, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I say! When we've just settled how it's to be done, and all about it! But look here, don't you have anything to say to that young'un in the knickerbockers. He's cute, whoever he is. He might have put me off the scent altogether. I couldn't have done it cleverer myself. Don't let him guess what's going on. He's just the one, that fellow is, to let the old folks know, and spoil our fun."

"Look here," said the girl, "I warn you, Ned, you'll lose your train."

"Not I. I'll make a run for it. Good-bye, Em!"

Great heavens! did he dare to touch her, to approach his head with the shiny hat still poised upon it to hers. The grotesque horror overwhelmed Walter as he stood trembling with rage and misery. There was a little mur-

muring of hushed words and laughter, and then a sudden movement: "Be off with you," she said, and the man rushed away through the gleams of the moonlight, his steps echoing along the road. She stood and looked after him, with her white shawl wrapped round her head and shoulders, moving from one foot to the other with a light buoyant movement as if to keep herself warm. The motion, the poise of her figure, the lingering, all seemed to speak of pleasure. Walter stood in the dark with his teeth set and his hand clenched, and misery fierce and cruel in his soul. It seemed impossible to him to suffer more. He had touched the very bottom of the deepest sea of wretchedness; the bitterness of death he thought had gone over him, quenching his very soul and all his projects. His love, his hopes, his wishes seemed all to have melted into one flame of fury, fierce rage, and hate, which shook his very being. It seemed to Walter that he could almost have murdered her where she stood within three paces of him; and if the veil of darkness had been suddenly withdrawn the boldest might have shuddered at the sight of that impersonation of wrath, standing drawn back to keep himself quiet, his hand clenched by his side, his eyes blazing as they fixed upon her, within reach of the unconscious watcher, so light and pleased and easy, not knowing the danger that was so near. Her head was turned away from him watching her lover—her lover!—as he rattled along the road; and when Walter made a sudden step forward out of the shade, she started with a suppressed alarmed cry and wail of terror.

"Mr. Penton! you here!"

"Yes. I've been here—too long."

"Oh, Mr. Penton," cried the girl, "you've heard what we've been saying! Do you call that like a gentleman to listen to what people are saying? You have no right to make any use of it. You did not put us on our guard. You have no right to make any use of what you heard when we didn't know."

Walter came up to her, close to her, and put his hand upon the fleecy whiteness of her shawl, into which it seemed to sink as into snow.

"Will you tell me this?" he said. "You are one person to old Crockford, another to *him*, another to me. Which is you?"

A man who has been injured acquires an importance, a gravity, which no other circumstances can give him; and the tone of his misery was in Walter's voice. He imposed upon her and subdued her in spite of herself. She shrank a little away from him and began to cry.

"It is not my fault! I never asked you to notice me. I never pretended I was any one—not your equal—not—"

"Which is you?" he said. Through the soft shawl he reached her arm at last, and grasped it firmly, yet with a weakening, a softening. How could he help it when he felt her in his power? Through her shawl, and through the mist of rage and bitterness about him, the quick-witted creature felt how the poor boy's heart was touched, and began to melt at the contact of her arm.

"Which—is me? Oh," she cried, "you don't

know me—you don't know my circumstances, or you would not ask. You don't know what I come from, nor how I have been surrounded all my life. It is the best that is me! It is, whatever you may think."

Her arm quivered in his grasp; her slight figure seemed to vibrate so near to him. It appeared to his confused brain that her whole being swayed and wavered with the appeal he made to her. She lifted her face to his, and that too was quivering in every line. She was entirely in his power, to be shaken, to be annihilated at his will, and he had the power over her of right as well as of strength.

"The best—I don't know which is the best. I came up to tell you—to ask you—to let you decide. And I find you with a man who—is going to marry you."

"He thinks so, perhaps; but a man can't marry one without one's own consent."

"Your consent! You seemed to agree to everything he said!" cried the young man in his rage. "A fellow like that! A cad—a—And I waiting here—waiting to see you—oh!" He flung her arm from him, almost throwing her off her balance. But when he saw her totter, compunction seized the unhappy boy. "You make me a brute!" he cried; "I've hurt you!" and felt as if, in the stillness of the night, and the despair of his heart, his voice sounded like a wild beast's cry.

"You have hurt me—only in my heart," she said. "Oh, but listen. I know it all looks bad enough; but you listened to him, and you must listen to me. You think he's not good enough for me, Mr. Penton; but a little while ago he was thought far too good, and I—perhaps I thought so too. Not—oh, not now. Wait a minute before you cry out. Who had I ever seen that was better? I had heard of other kind of people in books, but either I thought they didn't live now, or at least they were far, far out of my reach. I never knew a gentleman till—till—"

Her voice died away; it had been getting lower, softer, complaining, pleading—now it seemed to die away altogether, fluttering in her throat.

"Till?" Walter's voice too was choked by emotion and excitement. The strong current of his thoughts and wishes, so violently interrupted, found a new channel and flooded all the obstructions away. Till! Could anything be more pathetic than this confusion and self-revelation? "You did not tell him so," he said, with a remnant of his wrath—a sort of rag of resentment, which he caught at as it flew away. "You let him believe it was he; you made him understand—"

"Mr. Penton," she cried, "listen. What am I to do? You've sought me out, you've been far too kind: but I can't let myself be a danger to you too. You know it never, never would be allowed if it were known you were coming here to me. And now that I've known you, how can I bear living here and not seeing you? It was the only charm, the only pleasure—Oh, I'm shameless to tell you, but it's true."

"Emmy," said the lad, in his infatuation, lay-

ing once more his hand on her arm, but this time trembling himself with feeling and tenderness, "if it's true, how could you—how could you let that man—"

"Mr. Penton, just hear me out. He can take me away from this, and give me a home, and take me out of the way of harming you. Oh, don't you see how I am torn asunder! If I throw him over there's no hope for me. Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do?"

Walter was moved beyond himself with an impulse of enthusiasm, of devotion, which seemed to turn his feeling in a moment into something sacred—not the indulgence of his own will, but the most generous of inspirations. He put his arm round her, and supported her in her trembling and weakness.

"Emmy," he said, his young voice ineffably soft and full of tears—"Emmy, darling, we'll find a better way."

FEMME EN CULOTTE.

A ROMANCE OF PARISIAN LIFE.

IN the outskirts of Paris, near the barrier of Clichy, there is an extensive block of buildings, bearing the odd name of *La Cité de la Femme en Culotte*, and sometimes called *Cité Faucault*. It is one of several similar colonies, or cities, in different quarters of the capital, chiefly outside the barriers, inhabited by the lowest classes of the working people, especially by that large class known under the generic title of Chiffonniers. There is no class in London exactly corresponding to the Chiffonniers of Paris, and the term can therefore not be exactly translated. They may be described as the collectors of and dealers in every imaginable kind of waste material, much of which they dispose of, or turn to profitable use.

Our present purpose, however, is not to speak of the utilising of waste products, but to tell the curious story of one of the chief haunts and headquarters of the Chiffonniers, the *Cité de la Femme en Culotte*, or *Cité Faucault*, so named after its builder and first proprietor. How this lady came to wear trousers will appear in the narrative, which ought to be specially interesting to printers and compositors.

Mademoiselle Faucault belonged to a family in good position. She was the cousin of one of the Great Napoleon's marshals in the First Empire, and she was the daughter of a manufacturer on a large scale in a provincial town, who suddenly was ruined during a financial crisis. Mdlle. Faucault came to Paris in 1830. Not long afterwards she lost her parents, and was left alone, without any resources or means of obtaining a living. But she was young, good-looking, and tolerably well educated. She had made acquaintance with some companions who pitied her forlorn condition. One of these advised her to see Alexander Dumas the elder, and put her in the way of getting an introduction to him. The great man received her graciously, heard her story, and promised his patronage. He procured for her some pupils, but the lot of a daily governess is mostly a very hard one, and so poorly was she paid that she scarcely could earn her daily bread. She thought that there was a better opening for her in connection with the stage, and she found employment at the Théâtre des Batignolles. Not

succeeding as an actress, a girl in the house where she lodged advised her to get into a printing-office where there were female compositors. With her help she soon acquired sufficient skill to be regularly employed, as her companion was, in that office. All the women were paid alike at that time—fifty sous a day. She found that in the same office there were men paid four francs a day who were not better at the work than she was.

As she got experience and confidence in her ability she became more and more dissatisfied, and even indignant at the inferiority of wages, solely on account of her sex. Without expressing these feelings to her fellow-workwomen, she one day went to the master and asked to be allowed to work in the men's composing-room. The master said this was impossible, as discipline and good order required that the men and the women should be in different buildings and work separately. He did not tell her that this was not only the rule of the master, but that the men would knock her work about and drive any woman out of their shop, as interfering with the wages and usages of the trade.

Next morning, a young man, nicely dressed, with hair cut close, and a cigarette in his mouth, presented himself to the foreman and asked for an engagement. The foreman (who is now one of the leading printers in Paris) was at first taken in by the disguise, but in conversation saw how matters stood, and heard Mdlle. Faucault's confession and petition. Being a man of kindness and sense, "*homme de cœur et d'esprit*," as my French informant expressed it, the foreman feigned not to recognise the female compositor, and gave the young man a job in the compositors' room. That she conducted herself with singular propriety and prudence may be gathered from the fact that she continued in that office for ten years, to the entire satisfaction of the heads of the firm. Through the day she was *l'ouvrier Faucault*, and in the evening became *Mdlle. Faucault*. She had continual anxiety in sustaining the double rôle, and in those years she went through many privations, and practised severe thrift in order to save a sufficiency for a time when work or health might fail.

One day she was walking in the open waste

ground near Clichy, when she saw a working mason building some small houses.

"What sort of huts are these that you are building, my good man?" she said.

"I am building a house for the Chiffoniers," was his reply.

"That! a house?"

"Yes, a house; and a house that will bring me far more in proportion than the biggest mansion on the boulevard. Look you, each hut costs me about a hundred francs, I let it for twenty sous a week; if you know how to reckon, just calculate, and you will see that this makes fifty per cent."

"But have the Chiffoniers money to pay you? I thought they were in the extremest poverty."

"All I know is that they are the most safe tenants, and very punctual in their payment—if you begin by allowing no credit."

Mademoiselle Faucault made up her mind at the instant. This is how to invest my savings, was her immediate thought, and firm purpose. She soon purchased a plot of ground, caused fifty of these huts to be constructed, and, quitting the printing-office, bravely went to establish herself in that "real estate," which was soon occupied by Chiffoniers. The *Femme en Culotte* herself managed the colony, received the rents, continued her own thrifty ways, doubled the number of the huts; and at her death she bequeathed the property to the municipality of Clichy, the place which had witnessed her poverty and her good fortune.

M. Paulian, author of a most interesting work on the Chiffoniers of Paris, tells us that the *Cité de la Femme en Culotte* still flourishes. It represents,

in its material, a value of from 12,000 to 15,000 francs, and brings in 12,000 francs a year! The larger number of the inhabitants are still the Chiffoniers, but there is also a medley of individuals of the strangest occupations and industries—wandering minstrels, acrobats, fortune-tellers, poodle-trimmers, and vagabonds of all sorts and ages and nationalities. They live in a higgledy-piggledy style, yet with such amount of order as is enforced by the common interest of the inhabitants, and in such sanitary conditions as police regulations and fear of sickness, not their own taste or feelings, suggest. Our "common lodging-houses" are far superior to these poor tenements.

The usual Chiffonier *cité*, and there are about a dozen of them in Paris, is a long rectangle or street, with buildings of two or three storeys, with about thirty chambers on each floor. Some of the cells have no windows; some have decent fittings, while others have only straw on the floor, where the Chiffonier lies, with wife and children, and perhaps his dog. Happily, most of the inmates are out in open air from morning to night, pursuing their varied callings, and returning to their dens only to sleep at night. These small squalid rooms are charged a franc and a half, two francs, and the best of them two and a half francs a week. The increase of the population of Paris, and the demolitions during the improvements under the Second Empire, have crowded the places where the poorest can find shelter; and hence this kind of property has a value far greater than when Mdlle. Faucault first made her venture as lodging-house keeper for Chiffoniers.

Selina.

"As the priests were going by night into the inner temple . . . they heard a sound as of a great multitude, saying, 'Let us go hence.'"
—
JOSEPHUS, *Wars*, vi. v. 3.

"Let us go hence!"—when ancient Sion reeled,
And just before she fell,
A cry at midnight through the temple pealed,
Sad as a funeral knell,
Wild as the wail of women's hearts, nigh breaking;—
And, thro' the starless air
Long lines of seraphim, their shrine forsaking,
Left earth to man's despair.

Had none who in this awful Presence kneeled,
Thrilled with a silent fear?
None felt a rush of rapture, that revealed
The holy influence near?
Did nothing but the woe of their departing
Betray the angels there,
As, suddenly at some rude sound upstarting,
We know our dreams were fair?

Ah, sometimes yet our ruined world is trod,
Even yet, by forms whose grace
Seems fitter for the golden house of God
Than for earth's loveliest place—

As heavenly is their strange sweet influence, blending
With life, as pure and fair,
As, softly through the purple eve descending,
The light of the first star.

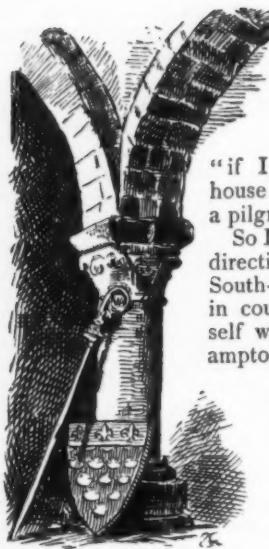
Do not our hearts, which bless them, half discern
Their more than mortal birth?
Does not the lamp within us brighter burn,
Whose flame is not from earth?
Is there no voice, no surmise, nought revealing
Why they are here, or whence,
Save, at the last, this dreadful music pealing,
"Let us go hence, go hence"?

Farewell! we know them and do homage now,
Now, if we saw them stand
Whiterobed, a crown upon the lovely brow,
A palm-branch in the hand,
We should but say—From earth and her disgraces
The angels are come home;
And wonder less to find them in their places
Than that we saw them roam.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MONT ST. MICHEL

Vid ST. MALO.

I.



OU want a holiday before you begin your Christmas work, so you must go away somewhere."

"Very well," said I, "if I am driven away from house and home I will go on a pilgrimage."

So I fled in a south-westerly direction (by the London and South-Western Railway), and in course of time found myself wandering about Southampton, waiting for the departure of the St. Malo boat. The old parts of the town are historically interesting. King Canute often sojourned here, and perhaps sailed his yacht in the Solent; and it was here that

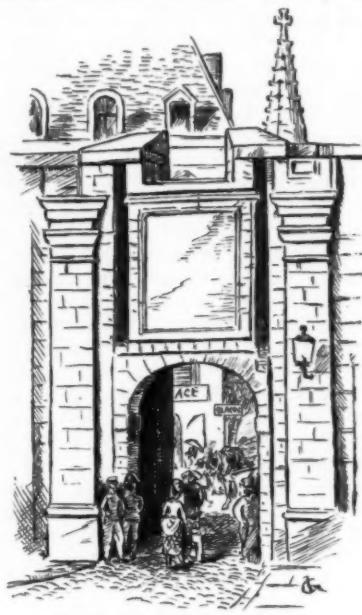
this estimable monarch is supposed to have rebuked his courtiers by showing them that he could not stop the tide. There is a Canute's Point still in existence, but the chair in which the king sat, and his wet shoes and socks, have not been preserved.

Old parts of an old town are generally picturesque enough to tempt a wayfarer who may happen to have a pencil in his pocket, and I was a willing victim; but there was a drawback to the pleasure. It was a bank holiday, and many of the residents in the historic localities had drunk "not wisely but too well."

Then I went on board the boat, and settled down in the earnest hope that Britannia would rule the waves as straight as possible during the coming night and morning.

And so she kindly did. It was early dawn when we passed through the Norman Archipelago, leaving Alderney, Guernsey, and the islets of Herm and Sark on our right, and Jersey on our left. Running past Jersey, it seemed difficult to believe that instead of being, as it looked, a great deserted island lying asleep in the morning light, it is a populous, busy place, the history and laws and government of which are well worth studying. At last, after a pleasant twelve hours, we came in sight of St.

Malo, lying, to use the fanciful description of a French writer, like a great granite ship—"Prêt à s'élancer vers l'inconnu, l'idéal des marins." The granite rocks are the hull, the walls and bastions the bulwarks, and the cathedral spire the mast.



PORTE ST. VINCENT, ST. MALO.

St. Malo is a peninsula connected with the mainland by an embankment, the Sillon, and close to it is St. Servan; whilst across the bay, or the mouth of the River Rance, is the bright and comparatively new town of Dinard.

Entering the port, we step ashore on the quay near the Grande Porte, and I find my way to an

hotel adjoining the birthplace of Chateaubriand. In the afternoon I stroll on to the quay, and entering again by the Porte St. Vincent, which is close to the château and the tower of Quic-en-Groigne, pass through the Rue de Chateaubriand and gain the Porte St. Thomas, which leads to the sands where the bathers are disporting themselves. Just under the wall is a crowd of nursemaids and children seated or playing on the sands, the latter revelling in the usual sandy amusements, digging trenches and building forts



MONSIEUR, WHO HASTENS TO PLUNGE HIMSELF INTO THE OCEAN.

and castles; whilst the *bonnes*, with healthy brown faces framed in white Breton and Norman caps of quaint and varying designs, are working or gossiping with cheerful clatter of tongues.

Just in front is a rocky islet occupied by the Fort National; and, as the tide has partially ebbed, the rocks are dotted with groups of brightly-dressed, bare-legged children wading through the pools or slipping over the seaweed.

On to the right the sands stretch away towards Paramé and the distant sand-hills. Near at hand is a bright, gaily-coloured crowd standing and sitting round the little wheeled bathing pavilions (it would be an insult to call them bathing - machines). Brilliant sunshades, wonderful costumes, bathing and otherwise; a Pharaoh's dream of fat and lean; charming *baigneuses* and comical *baigneurs*—the whole scene looks like a coloured plate in a French comic illustrated paper. I know this is an upside down way of putting it, but first impressions are often singular.

But this was altogether too gay a scene for a pilgrim, so I turned away and wandered along the ramparts, and thence down to the sands opposite the island whereon is the tomb of Chateaubriand—le Grand Bey. There is a causeway between St. Malo and the island, which is uncovered at low water, so I sat down on a granite shelf under the walls and waited. I lighted a cigarette, placed a bottle of smelling-salts to my nose, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the scene.

It was a beautiful day. Below me the ebbing tide was softly lapping on the edge of the widening stretch of yellow sands. Out in the bay, dotted with fort-crowned rocks and little islands, the summer sea was shimmering in the sunlight, tinted like an opal, but with colours more intense—sea-green, vivid and transparent, flecked with purple shadows, with white glancing lines of foam where the sea softly surged around the base of the rocks. Southampton the day before had

looked cold and dull and colourless under a grey sky; but here everything was bright and sunny. It was like being transported on a magic carpet from a land of fog and mist to a tropical shore.

But there is a thorn to every rose, and the thorn was present here. Cologne, so travellers say, has many scores of separate appreciable stinks, but I felt that even such a variety would be more charming than the one monotonous, penetrating odour prevalent here.

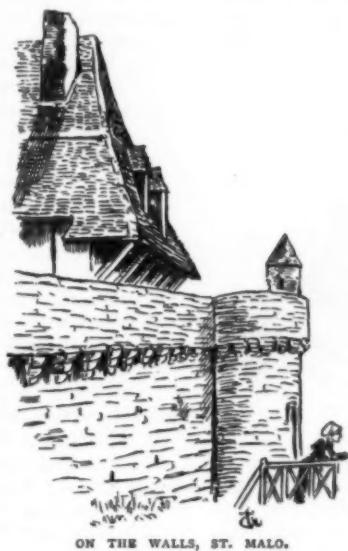
A wicked thought came into my head as I sat and sniffed. Chateaubriand was buried on the extreme point of the island just in front of me; he had craved the site as a boon from his fellow citizens, he wanted his body to rest on the point nearest to the open sea. Might it not be that he wished even in death to lie as far away as possible from the ancient and unfishlike smells of his native city?

Thinking of Chateaubriand produced a poetic inspiration, and I commenced an ode, "O Malo malodorant!" but there I broke down.

By this time the ripple in the water showed that the causeway communicating with the Grand Bey would soon be uncovered. Already there were groups of pilgrims waiting to cross; some of the younger ones, with shortened kilts or trousers, and bare feet, commenced to wade; then a stout old woman with elephantine legs splashed in. She was not a pilgrim, for she carried a basket, and evidently meant business in seaweed or shellfish. Gradually the procession lengthened, until at last the path was above the water-line, and we all passed over.

Mounting a staircase of rock steps, we cross the island, and on the northernmost point is the tomb of the illustrious François-Réne de Chateaubriand.

A simple granite cross, bearing a wreath of yellow immortelles, and enclosed in an ornamental iron railing, marks the resting-place of the great writer whom St. Malouins delight to honour.



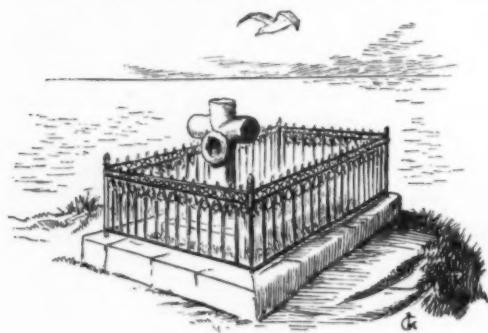
ON THE WALLS, ST. MALO.



A PILGRIMAGE "KU-PIEDS" TO THE TOMB OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

Resting on the soft greensward which slopes down to the edge of the rock, I stretched at ease, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the view, without the drawback of a necessary smelling-bottle.

In front is the open sea. Close by on the left is the smaller island, Le Petit Bey, with its fort. Farther out to the north-west, north, and north-east are several other islets and rocks, and a lighthouse, the Phare du Jardin. Some of these rocky islets are crowned by fortifications designed by the great military engineer, Vauban; and one at least, L'Isle Césambre, has a history of its own.



THE TOMB OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

In the Middle Ages it was a place of refuge for a succession of pious hermits; afterwards it became the site of a monastery. In 1693 the English, under Commodore Benbow, wrought destruction there. Then it was fortified by Vauban, but now the island is deserted, except by seagulls and curlews.

But what is the history of St. Malo itself? Centuries before the Norman William set sail for England to wrest the crown from King Harold, the site of the city was an island of granite, the Isle of Aaron, whose only residents were a few poor fishermen and a hermit, who bore the Mosaic name of Aaron.

In the middle of the sixth century an English priest, Mac-Law, or Maclou, flying probably from Saxon oppression, landed on these shores. It was through a phonetic corruption of his name that, some centuries after, the Isle of Aaron became St. Malo. Mac-Law became the Bishop of Aleth, or Alesh, now St. Servan. This Aleth appears to have been, in pre-Christian times, a walled city of the Celtic Gauls, one of the maritime strongholds of ancient Armorica.

In 1152 Bishop Jean de Châtillon transferred the Episcopal seat from Aleth to St. Malo; he surrounded the city with walls, and it soon became a city of refuge, and a harbour from which sailed some of the most daring mariners who have ever crossed the seas. Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, and Duguay-Trouin, who captured Rio Janeiro, were Malouins whose memory is honoured in the city.

The merchants of St. Malo traded to Chili and Peru, and brought back rich treasures from the southern seas; and, when there was fighting, the place was a nest of privateers—"Zouaves of the

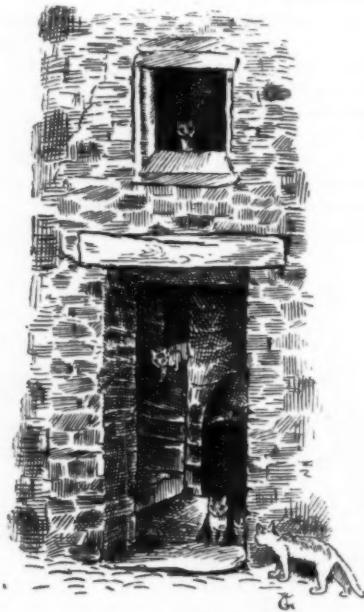
Atlantic," "Light Troops of the Sea," enthusiastic French writers called them, but their neighbours were stung into using somewhat different descriptive terms, such as "Pirates" and "Corsairs."

In one war against England and Holland the Malouin privateers captured no less than 1,500 merchant vessels; and so, in 1693, Commodore Benbow was dispatched with a small fleet and some wonderful invention in the shape of an infernal machine, designed to blow up this wasp's nest.

But the infernal machine appears to have exploded, as those things generally do, at the wrong time, and no material damage was done. The English landed on the Isle Césambre, and did some wrecking, and then retired. It was not the first time St. Malo had been threatened by the English; for in the fourteenth century, in the early days of artillery, the Duke of Lancaster besieged the city with "full four hundred cannon" (Froissart), but after many unsuccessful attacks, the siege was raised. This was in the days of Bertrand Duguesclin, the gallant Constable of France, whose home was not far from St. Malo. It was between the years 1708 and 1737 that the modern ramparts were built by Vauban, the cost being defrayed by the wealthy South Sea merchants of the city.

In 1758 an English army, under a Duke of Marlborough, was dispatched to Brittany to punish the Malouins. Landing at Cancale, they marched to St. Servan, and burned a large number of vessels and stores; then they made an attempt on St. Malo, but found it too strong a nut to crack.

Shortly after English troops were landed at St. Cast, to the east of St. Malo, but no result was obtained, and the rear-guard, which was badly handled by its general, was cut to pieces by the French troops. Since that time the tide of invasion has not surged round the ancient city, but it suf-



IN A BACK STREET, ST. MALO.

fered from the wave of revolution which shortly after swept over the country.

But I have got rather deep into history, and it is time to go, so I turn my back on Chateaubriand's tomb, and, entering the city by the nearest gate, I devote the interval before *table d'hôte* to exploring some of the old streets, narrow and dirty, with tall, quaint old houses. There are some delight-



SOME OF THE GARRISON OF ST. MALO.

ful "bits" here and there. In one street I came across an old circular stone stairway, winding up just inside a battered relic of a mansion. As I stood sketching it cats appeared at all the openings, indeed, the whole place seemed swarming with them, and from their confident demeanour it was evident they were a privileged class. I thought that perhaps a love of cats was a weakness of the kindly Breton folk, but when I remarked to a native that cats were abundant, his reply was a conclusive one : " Mais ! Monsieur, il y a beaucoup de souris ! "

In the evening, after dinner, I sat outside in the street, watching with interest the types of the passing or loafing people. Men lounging with blue blouses and unshaven faces; burly, honest looking Breton country folk; neatly dressed, fine featured women with spotless linen head-gear, French soldiers, under-sized and slouching, with pipe in mouth and hands in their baggy red breeches; wandering dogs, as unmistakably French as if they shrugged their shoulders instead of wagging their tails, or as if they had barked in French. Then a cheap Jack pitched his caravan close by, and proceeded to sell cutlery (with the Sheffield trade marks) at impossible prices, pattering away just like an English cheap Jack at a fair, only in French. And the French language beats the English out of the field for cheap Jack purposes. The Frenchman pleads, he implores, then he waxes wroth and rolls his r's, then in his indignation he turns to his attendant. " Eteignez les lumières ! " but he relents ! he will give these imbeciles one more chance ! and so he keeps the ball rolling.

Next morning I resumed my pilgrimage on board the little steamboat the Ille-et-Rance. It took a long time to get the last passenger on board, but at last, after a good deal of the French equivalents for " ease her ! " " stop her ! " " go

ahead ! " " stern easy ! " the captain gave the sonorous order, " En r-r-route," and we steamed out. Leaving on the left the abandoned harbour works commenced by Napoleon, and the Cité Fort, we crossed to Dinard and filled up to the full our complement of passengers, and then we went ahead up the Rance.

The run up from St. Malo to Dinard was a delightful one. It was a brilliant day, and, glancing back beyond the mouth of the river, the sea was sparkling and flecked with white horses under a fresh breeze. Looking over the side of the little steamer the water was so clear that through the transparent cool green depths myriads of medusæ of all sizes could be seen pumping themselves along, or rising and sinking with graceful motion, their exquisitely fine filaments floating with the tide. The River Rance is well worth a visit—sometimes narrowing between lofty-wooded cliffs or bold rocks, and sometimes opening out into wide reaches fringed by woods and meadows; dotted here and there with châteaux picturesquely placed. One house we passed on the left-hand side has a gruesome name, the Maison de l'Egorgerie, literally the Slaughter House. The story is that during the Revolution a whole family, with the exception of an infant in the cradle, was butchered there.

Some miles farther up, where, after passing through a wide reach, the Plaine de Mordreux, the river narrows considerably, we pass under the lofty railway bridge, the Pont de Lessar, and soon come to a lock. Taking advantage of our forced detention here some beggars made a raid on us. Two old women appeared on the wall above us, each towing a man. One man had no particular claim on our charitable sympathies except on account of his extreme senility, the other was an imposing wreck with (apparently) sightless eyes and total absence of arms. The latter excited the most practical sympathy in the shape of coppers, whereat the old lady, who was exploiting " le veillard," waxed very wroth, and winged words

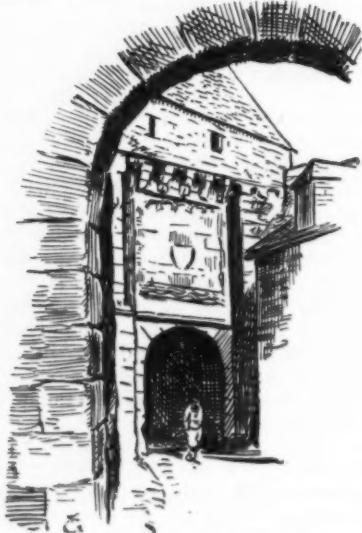


BY THE LOCK GATE ON THE RANCE.

passed. I am afraid that poor old man will have a hard time of it; perhaps when I pass that way again I shall find that the hag who farms him has reduced him to the lowest common denominator by putting out his eyes and chopping off his arms so as to equalise her chances.

Passing on we soon arrived at Dinan, and stepped ashore near the lofty viaduct, which towers above and bridges over the river and the gorge. Just before reaching here we passed the Château de la Bellière, where that chivalrous knight, Bertrand Duguesclin, a tough enemy of England, dwelt in the Middle Ages.

I had no time to see much of Dinan, as I hurried on to catch the train for Pontorson.



LA PORTE DU ROI, MONT ST. MICHEL.

The country between Dinan and Pontorson is mostly flat, but pretty, and, with its stone-walled thatched farmhouses, reminded me of some parts of Devonshire. There was somehow a homely look about the scenery.

At Pontorson, a dirty, dreary looking town, in which dogs and cider seemed prevalent, I mounted a "voiture" bound for Mont St. Michel, and then, with an immense amount of whip-cracking and g-r-r-r-ring and wild waving of loose reins, and manes and tails, we galumphed away towards the goal of my pilgrimage.

It was not long before, on the level road, I caught my first glimpse of the Mount, with its grand pile of abbey and church buildings towering up above the flat surface of the intervening country. Then a mile or two farther and we left the mainland and passed on to the embankment which leads up to the walls. In former times pilgrims anxious to visit the shrine of the great St. Michel had to wait, if it happened to be high water, until the tide had receded, and then to cross the sands, but in 1880, in spite of protests and active opposition from artists and archaeologists, this embankment was made. Even now the opponents of this utilitarianism have hopes of restoring the insularity of the sacred Mount.

On the left of this embankment runs the River Couesnon, which flows past the walls and away through the sands. Away across the river in the distance the low wood-fringed land trends towards Mont Dol and Cancale.

On the right is a vast plain of sand stretching

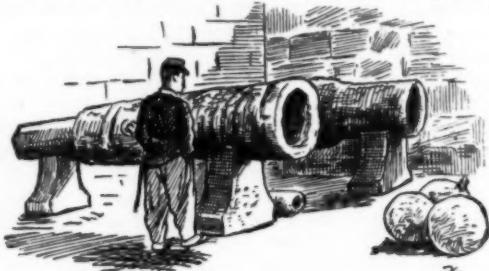
towards Avranches and Granville. The latter place is about seventeen miles distant from the Mount.

The embankment on which we are driving leads straight up to the southern side, terminating between two towers which project from the walls. Behind the walls, or scattered on the steep slope of the rock, are the houses of the little town, the roofs of those in the lower part of the street just visible above the ramparts, but rising higher and clustering one above the other towards the east, the base line terminating in an angular bastion. Up above, a hundred and fifty feet from the base, and apparently growing from the granite rock itself, the mass of masonry towers up to its apex, some four hundred feet above the sands.

First come the lofty abbatial buildings, the hostelry and abbey lodgings, with St. Stephen's Chapel and the central Church of St. Michel, with a glimpse towards the east angle of crocketed pinnacles and flying buttresses, and lower down to the right the conical roof of the Tour des Courbins. Towards the west side, where the huge buttresses climb the precipitous slope, there is a mass of scaffolding showing where the restorations are being carried on, restorations absolutely necessary to prevent ruin, and which are under the skilful direction of M. Ed. Corroyer, the French Government architect. At the foot of the rock below the buttresses is a large modern white building with conspicuous lettering on its face, "Orphelinat," flanked by a bastion.

We alight some fifty yards from the walls amidst a small crowd of hotel touts, and descending a few steps at the end of the embankment, pass along a wooden staging under the barbican, and reach the entrance to the town. Just inside, by the Porte du Lion, are two huge cannon, or bombards, left behind by the English when, in 1434, they gave up their siege of the Mount, at that time gallantly defended by a band of Norman nobles and men-at-arms under Louis d'Estouleville. Then comes the Porte du Roi, and emerging into the narrow street, I find a charming hostess, whose praises have often been sung in verse and prose, gracefully and smilingly wafting her visitors to their respective billets.

So I took my ease at my inn, had an early din-



OLD ENGLISH GUNS.

ner, and afterwards set out to wander round the outside. The tide being out I walked along the sands and rocks under the west side. After passing the bastion near the Orphanage, the rock slopes up precipitously to the foot of a high wall enclosing the courtyard or platform in front of the

modern Jesuit façade built in 1780. Standing on a detached mass of rock at the foot, near the north-west angle, is a little chapel dedicated to St. Aubert.

Passing by this we come to the north side. Here the steep base of the Mount is thinly clothed with trees, running up to the walls, built to protect the magnificent buildings known as the Merveille,

a grand specimen of the religious military abbeys of the Middle Ages. Starting from a height of about one hundred and sixty feet above the mean level of the sea, it towers up another hundred and forty or hundred and fifty feet. Above the roof the central church rises still higher. On the left towards the east the ramparts zigzag down, and terminate in a bastion.

F. C. GOULD.

DICK DRUCE, STONEMASON.

A FRAGMENT.

DICK DRUCE buried his wife, and went home. As he turned into the alley where he lived—a dark and greasy *cul de sac*, in one of the poorer parts of town—a knot of loafers under the arch which served for entry made way for him; and farther on some touzled heads were jerked out of window, and greetings of a not unkindly sort were offered. On the whole, however, sympathy expressed itself but feebly.

The aesthetic sense of the alley had been offended by reason of the scant funereal honours conferred on the deceased.

A corpse has its rights.

Had it been a third, or even a second wife, a cheap burying would have escaped criticism—would, in fact, have met with some measure of approval; but the remains of one's "first" should be "hearsed respectable."

The aspect of Dick Druce's face, as he passed up the alley to the slanting three-storeyed tenement where his lodgings were, betrayed no concern for, or recognition of, the possible feelings of the neighbours in regard to the funeral.

He was a large, powerful fellow, and carried himself well, with none of that slouch in his gait which gives to the most inoffensive labourer the air of an awkward and ugly customer.

Body and face looked hardy and well nourished; but the face had the perplexed and troubled expression, not difficult to recognise, of the man whose thoughts are much given to the problem, how to keep the tradesman's score below the level of the weekly wage.

Druce was a stonemason, and a clever one. He seldom had to seek a job when trade was brisk. Six months before, he had had enough laid by to provision the family against a year of rainy days; but in those six months troubles at home had been tugging at purse-strings as well as at heart; and he was at this time neither better nor worse off than other men who can only suspend work one week at the risk of suspending dinner the week after.

His two children had died of typhoid fever in the summer. In Beetle Alley typhoid, or something else as malignant, was an enemy which never slept; it might be actively destructive, or it might be waiting its chance in ambush. It was always at hand.

I.

It had crept out during the latter heats of July, and, finding the neighbours in no way more prepared than of old, had proceeded in a leisurely fashion to pick off half a score or so of the weaker ones.

The whole affair went its usual course. Paragraphs appeared in the newspapers, "Fresh Outbreak of Typhoid in Beetle Alley." A few independent citizens inquired whether anything was to be done; the vestry or the local board carried a motion on the subject at the weekly meeting; the sanitary inspector testified to having so many houses in his district that he could not inspect half of them; the customary order was given to have the buildings pulled down; nobody obeyed it; and the landlord sold out at a profit and bought a worse lot of houses elsewhere.

Three months after the death of his children Druce had lost his wife. She was his junior by ten years. They had met first in their native village, and there they did their courting and were married. Before their first child was born they left the village, where life was easy, but too stagnant, and went to London.

There, when the children came, Druce and his wife were in a comfortable way, but when the two youngsters left infancy behind the mother began to see that they lacked somewhat. She remembered the clean bare sky that had roofed her own and her husband's existence in the rural days gone by, the fresh, untainted air that blew across the fields, the wholesome, tender smell of grass and hedge, and knew that these were the things that failed in the life of her town-bred children. But what help—what hope?

The breadwinner was chained to the spot where he had placed himself and his family. He could walk to and from the spot where he worked, thus saving an appreciable something out of his weekly earnings. So they stayed on in the alley, and Druce put by money. But the children pined—as five out of six children do who live in the Beetle Alleys of London—and when the fever came it made easy victims of them.

The rate of infant mortality in these fever-nests of town is higher than most of us know or would care to know.

The wife had added to the household store by casual earnings of one sort and another—now as

charwoman, and now as sempstress. But the death of the children went far to break her; she began to flag, droop, and sink. She took a chill in the autumn which drove her abed, and she never rose again.

Dick was seized with an unwonted and horrible sense of shame when he found that he had not the means to lay her decently in the grave. He had stopped his subscription to the burial club: better medicine than a shroud, he had thought, if medicine would save the shroud.

He shrank now from exposing his want; but in the sphere of men like Druce there are matters in which one's mates are quick-witted and sympathetic. They made a "whip round" for him, and put a hatful of silver in his hand. Many a decent labourer buries his wife by the generous favour of his mates.

Druce turned in at the doorway, and went up the dirty stairs, which staggered under his weight. A family or families herded on every landing. Druce lived on the second storey, and he entered by the open door through which the coffin-bearers had passed two hours before. He looked into the small cleanly room beyond the kitchen, where the bed was. The coffin had left its hard, irregular impress on the sheets; the ragged blind was drawn, and the faint pervasive odour which whispers us of death clung everywhere.

Druce stood on the threshold of the room where his wife had died, and the chill and the blankness of it sank into his heart. He knew, none better, how much his life had owed to her. He had centred himself in his home, and here was he now staring into the empty chamber of her who had made the home.

He shut the door of the room where every spare hour for weeks past had been spent beside the dying wife, and where for two whole nights he had sat beside her corpse, and went and placed himself over the sinking fire in the kitchen.

His face was heavy and drawn with suffering, his eyes were dull with watching; and glancing only at the stooping back and nerveless hands one would have known at once how terribly the man was smitten.

The day waned, and Druce sat on, silent and motionless. A child of the family living on the floor above, who had been playmate to one of his own, came with muffled step down the stair and peered in, saw that matters were grave, and forebore to question the grim man about the funeral. Thereby his natural curiosity was baulked, and he went in search of a boy in the alley, who, having lost all his nearest relatives, was an acknowledged authority on burials.

Druce grew hungry; he had eaten nothing since daybreak. A glance at the cupboard showed him that he was unprovided, but he had not energy enough to stir himself. The wife was the caterer; while she lived he had kept himself in food, that he might have strength to watch beside her; it mattered nothing now. The man accustomed to find for himself, the bachelor, would have been in better case; the widower felt his helplessness, and made no move.

The pang of desolation was sharper than that

of hunger; a sob shook him; he called on her by name, "Oh, Mary! Mary! lass, sweetheart, wife!" and the man's head was pressed between his hands, and he cried—as men cry, and not children.

II.

In an hour like this a man wants human sympathy; but, apart from his home-life, Druce had always been a bit of a solitary; and to the solitary, above other men, sympathy is apt to be denied. Druce spent that night alone, and woke the next day with no sense of comfort or of ease. Worse than that, the feeling of desolation in him was strengthened. The very coffin, with its dear dead burden, had grown companionable while it lay there; but now the house was bare.

Unluckily for him, he was just then scant of work. The best thing would have been to lose or weaken the deadening sense of bereavement and of solitude in the stress of daily labour.

He stayed at home that day and the next; grew heavier and drearier; and the recuperative power of the man began to fail him. He lacked the stimulus to work which the needs of wife and children furnished. In the social sphere of men like Druce it is the wife who holds the family together: when she goes the breadwinner has his visible centre of existence blotted out.

But one day he pulled himself together and went to his old place of work, where, a fresh contract having just been taken on, he found work waiting for him. Once at work, he stuck to it. The man had a good deal of plain sense in him. He saw that he was growing morbid, and felt instinctively that that way madness lay. In steady, dogged work he perceived his one and only chance of recovery. He worked on, but it became clear that something was wrong with him. Day by day this showed itself more plainly. A sort of slow revolution was taking place in him. He had begun gradually to decay; mind, body, and spirit commenced to fail him. Like a tree whose bark has been sundered, the vital forces began to shrink—the sap dried up in him.

He lived soberly, as he had always done; but, in spite of steadiness and sheer persistent effort, his strength of mind and body ebbed from him in a manner painful to see. He was sinking of a broken heart.

One day something happened which Druce himself had long anticipated. He received notice of dismissal.

There was no particular harshness or injustice in this. It came about by simple process of cause and effect. The fair day's work of a labouring-man is worth so much to his employer. If the workman come short of the fixed standard, there is no obligation on the employer's part to continue him in his service. Druce's work had fallen away in quality and quantity, and so he was abruptly dismissed. He had found himself out of work before, and sometimes in circumstances of greater anxiety, but never from a similar cause.

Had his mind been as keen as of old, he would have realised the situation more thoroughly; he

was out of work because he had broken down at work; his chance of reinstating himself was therefore small at present. But he went home heavy, and sad, and listless, thinking little as to the future, and caring little more.

A tiny store remained to him; it went shilling by shilling, and beggary began to stare him in the face.

To the labourer who has never tasted the luxuries of deliberate and professional pauperism, the idea of the workhouse sums up everything that is hideous and repellent. But to beg is even worse, he thinks, than to claim the dole provided for him by the Poor Laws.

Druce bestirred himself once more, but the market failed him now; he found no fresh work.

Rent-day came, but he was not ready for it, and one morning he saw himself sold up and roofless.

That night he tramped the streets, chilled to the bone, morose and hungry. What thoughts surged in him that night? what memories? what longings? what infinitely sad and bitter and ironic yearnings?

They might sicken and bear him down; they could not fill nor warm him.

He had some small coin left, and the next day he fed himself sparingly. Propped by a weak and sinking hope that something would yet turn up, that by hook or by crook he might yet get back to work, he resolved not to beg. He reckoned that rigid economy would enable him to hold out full seven days.

On the second day he strayed far, and towards night found himself by the Regent's Park, into which he slunk when they were lighting the lamps in the streets.

Amateur pauperism has been the fashion of late, and there may be some amongst my readers who have spent a night in the park. I once did it myself for literary purposes, and was foolish enough afterwards to boast of the achievement to a beggar asking for money. He was a canny and humorous beggar, and he took the conceit out of me in no time. For by process of cross-examination—a process with which I dare say previous experiences had familiarised him—he elicited from me (1) that I had chosen a warm night in July for my desperate experiment, (2) that I had dined substantially before choosing the pleasantest and most sheltered park I could find, (3) that I had provided myself with a winter overcoat, and (4) that when the gates were opened the next morning I breakfasted heavily at the nearest restaurant, and spent the rest of the day in bed. The beggar said he hoped to be pardoned for expressing a doubt whether that was pauperism. "Try it in Janierry, Mister, with togs like these yer, and no dinner afore and no prospec' of breakfas'," said the beggar.

Druce tried it in December, when the ornamental waters were frozen.

On the third day he shivered through the icy streets with warped limbs and a horrid faintness at the stomach. It began to be very grim work. One casts about for a moment when the policeman's back is turned, and drops like lead in some

convenient arch or doorway. To get up again is torture. A deadly torpor settles on the brain, and the body aches as if it had been thwacked from neck to heel. Blisters on the feet become cruel sores, the ankles swell, and the sensation in the leg is as though one had undergone the ancient torture of the "Boot."

Druce passed this night on one of the Thames bridges, the arches of which, in soft and bitter seasons alike, are thronged with tramps, out-o'-works, and castaways of every sort, from midnight till sunrise, every night of the year. They sit closer than stones in the bed of a stream, and as silent.

Hardly a word is spoken; no one knows, or cares to know, his neighbour; they cling together for a little animal warmth, and disperse at the bidding of the day.

Our castaway tried a casual ward, but preferred the wintry streets.

He lived this life for a week, and then, with spent body and spirit crushed, he crept to the workhouse. He claimed admission, proved his parish, the customary formalities were gone through, and he was passed in. It is easy enough to make oneself a pauper.

III.

"GOING to stop here, mate?"

"Not if I can help it," answered Druce.

"Ah! I said that once. Wait till you've tried it a bit."

"How long have you bin here?"

"Me? A matter of five year. Five or thereabouts. Mebbe six."

"D'y mean to say you've settled down here?"

"Jesso. Catch me stumpin' agin. Tried it once, but it warnt good enough. Ye see I'm a easy-going chap. A bit and a sup, and a shake-down; I don't ask no more'n that. And if Guv'ment likes to give me that, why Guv'ment can. Spike's good enough for me."

"Well, give me half a chance, and I'd cut it tomorrow," said Druce.

"Ah! It's the p'int o' view that makes the difference," returned the other. "Everythink, Mister Druce, depends on the p'int o' view."

This talk was taking place in the oakum-shed of the workhouse, where four-fifths of a large batch of paupers were diligently shirking their task of picking. The shed was quite as comfortless a place as might be supposed, but good quarters enough for most of its occupants. The workhouse has its character stamped everywhere, through and through the whole place, from dormitory to recreation-ground. If you went in blindfold, you would know the place, when your eyes were unbandaged, as readily as you would know the corridor of a model prison. The pauper is made to feel himself a pauper, as the convict a convict, in every inch of him. For some of the paupers this is well; for others, perhaps, not quite so well.

The pauper talking to Druce was a young man, in the technical language of the "House." He was a year or two on the wrong side of fifty; but

he would be a "young man" still at fifty-nine. At sixty they would turn him over to the other side of the House, diminish his task-work slightly, and also his rations.

As a young man, he had his four pounds of oakum to pick per diem, and was picking at the rate of about a pound and a half. Druce observed that most of the others were doing the same.

He himself had picked a couple of pounds, and was going ahead steadily. His friend watched him awhile in silence, then said, drily, "Mr. Druce, sir, if you're so peculiar fond of it you may pick my little lot as well;" and, this being a fair sample of workhouse humour and morals, there was a general laugh. "You see, sir," pursued the speaker, with mock deference, "the p'int o' view comes in agen. Now my p'int o' view's this: I get's my toke whether I picks one pound o' hoakum or whether I picks fower. Why then, I sez, pick fower, sez I?"

A new-comer is fair game in the House, and Druce was undergoing the roasting process just now; but being a big fellow, and not in the least quarrelsome, he came off with less than his share of bullying.

It is, in faith, a queer-coloured and rather dirty world that a man finds himself in when the relieving officer has given him an order for admission to the workhouse. The honest poor shun the "House" as long as a crust, or the power to earn one, remains with them, for they know better than most of us—better, I dare say, than some excellent guardians—what the reality is like, though there are certain of the very old friendless and homeless ones, to whom it is a real shelter.

They turn to the House—"spike," in the language of the slums—when they have rejected the alternative courses. It may mend or it may end them, which is partly an affair of circumstance and partly of character.

That the workhouse is what it is—a place where sturdy ne'er-do-wells, whose poverty is little less than criminal, may idle a whole lifetime, and where the honest and deserving poor, driven there by stress of temporary want, are too often in danger of utter ruin—is not conspicuously the fault of the authorities. The problem is a knotty one: to distinguish fairly and usefully between the two classes; to make one and the same system applicable to both; honestly and effectively to blend remedial measures with repressive; and this problem we have yet to solve, notwithstanding the amount of philanthropic thought that is given to it.

Druce found the House a sort of world in itself—a tawdry little grovelling world on the whole, bragging, puling, and cynical. Some, to be sure, were in like case with himself, sad, solitary fellows, whom the loss of wife had broken; wrecks that had drifted into this harbour of despair and could not get out of it. They were men for one like Druce to take warning by. The sight of them—beaten, cowed, defeated—called up in him what was left of nerve and energy, for his dread was lest he should pass completely under the wave as they had done. But these gave only

a part of its character to the place, and they were of no great account in the House.

The men who carried it high, who ruled the roast, who gave the real tone to the House, were of a different stamp. The frank vagabonds, who had the genuine pauper blood in them; paupers by birth, or paupers who had deliberately made themselves paupers because the life agreed with them. Some of them had had pauper fathers and pauper mothers—had been born and bred in the House, had literally come into the calling by inheritance. Others had dropped into it accidentally, had found it suited them, and had stuck to it.

The professional pauper, who knows the life from top to bottom, who glories in and makes a good thing out of it, is always and naturally a leader in the workhouse. He has slept in half the casual wards in the kingdom, he knows the Poor Laws better than a lawyer, and precisely how one may evade while seeming to obey them. His example makes paupers by the score, for he always heads a party in the House.

He is not a witless fellow by any means; he probably knows more trades than one, and could live by any of them if he did not find idleness pleasanter than toil. These men are the despair of the Poor Laws, and they know it, and are happy. They are aware that a shrewder and more scientific law would make it impossible for them to live; they are also aware that such a law has yet to be enacted.

A lower and meaner type of pauper is the moucher, or cadger, whom as yet we have not thought it worth while to suppress or to redeem.

Druce had not been a week in the House before he realised that if he were ever to live again he must get out of it as quickly as possible. Many a pauper has been content to be a confessed and legalised scamp and idler. Bread and soup and a mattress are found for him in the House, and of the task-work by which he earns them he may do as much or as little as he pleases. Beggary—flat beggary—is the common badge of three-fourths of the inmates, and one is urged by example and advice to do as his neighbour does, and accept the crust and broth of Government in exchange for a life of intermittent slavery and sloth.

Keeping his eyes and ears open, Dick found that, as the first step to freedom, he must win the favour of the workhouse-master. This was a soured man, with a touch of native kindness, whom Druce had no great difficulty in winning to be a friend.

"I'll get you before the guardians," he said; and in due time he did so.

Druce appeared before the Board at the weekly meeting, stated his anxiety to rid the rates of the burden of his keep, and begged to be sent out again. But the guardians were wary.

What hope had he of supporting himself? Was work promised to him? Could he assure the Board that he would not be back in the House within a week?

Druce, of course, had no guarantee to offer. All he could say was that if the guardians would send him out he hoped to be able to earn his keep.

His request was refused, and he went back to the oakum-shed. The guardian is keen to scent what he thinks may be a dodge. The practised pauper knows all the cards in the game, and when he wants to quit the House for a week or two, he can do it easily. The raw hand, who seeks his freedom that he may use it honestly, finds himself weak in the art of subterfuge, and is baffled.

At the end of another fortnight Druce found that his bodily powers were failing him, the cause being the insufficiency of the food. Sheer hunger had helped to force him into the House, and now that he was in, the diet barely sufficed to sustain him in his task-work. He shrewdly suspected that the food was tampered with. In many of the workhouses the servants are paupers all, and—if we are to accept the testimony of experience—venal in a high degree. Druce saw that some of his fellows lived feebly on a smaller portion than the State allowed them, and that others thrived on fatter fare. He dropped a query on the subject, and was sneered at for a greenhorn. The truth was plain then; in the matter of rations, as in most other matters, the strong ones in the House thrrove at the expense of the weak.

"I don't say that all 'Ouses is the same," observed his informant, "but in ours, my lad, you've got to fish for yourself."

One evening at about this time a new-comer arrived, who was evidently no stranger to the regular boarders. They hailed him with delight as "Old Pair of Tongs," and crowded about him for news of the other world. Old Pair of Tongs at once took up a position of authority in the House, and on the night of his arrival drove a good business in tobacco, pocket-knives, and other articles much in request amongst the paupers.

"Who's he?" inquired Druce of one of his friends.

"He's a 'In-and-out,'" was the answer.

The "In-and-out" is a pauper of the paupers. He is one of those whom the Poor Laws are designed to repress, but whom in fact they chiefly support. He lives by the weakness of the system, and his mode of existence is curiously and beautifully simple. He spends a lazy month or two in the House, until a friend outside sends him word that a job is waiting for him. Then he procures his discharge, takes the job, drinks up the proceeds, and returns to the House to put himself in training for the next debauch.

Old Pair of Tongs—no one had ever known him by any other name—was an exceedingly long-headed vagabond of forty-five or fifty. He had been valet to a nobleman, courier, and racing tout. He spoke French cleverly, and German intelligibly; was husband to two or three wives, and had a useful sum to his name in the savings bank. He had a pleasant voice, a kindly face, neat grey whiskers, and he parted his hair at the back with a tooth-comb which he carried in tissue-paper in his waistcoat-pocket. Old Pair of Tongs interested himself in Druce's case as a raw hand who needed counsel.

Patting him on the back one evening after supper, he said,

"Excuse the liberty, but I feel an interest in you. Not quite at home here yet, eh? And perhaps not disposed to be? Well, well, the life suits some, and riles others. I often think that the pauper, like the poet, is born, not made. I myself am a pauper by choice and inclination; but we are not all the same. 'Tis the whim of nature to cast us in different moulds. I have observed you during two days, and on consideration I conclude that you have not the stuff of pauperism in you. Don't apologise, the fault is none of yours. But what I want to impress upon you is, that the workhouse is not the place for you. Human intelligence being unhappily limited, the Poor Laws have been framed in a singularly defective manner. The workhouse should be a little city of refuge for honest but unfortunate labourers like you; it is, however, in effect, nothing of the kind. It is harsh upon you, whom it should assist; it is comfortable to me, whom it should suppress. If I, with my extended experience, were called upon to frame a new Poor Law, I would make it impossible for persons like myself to exist. But her Majesty, naturally enough, declines to consult me; and I profit by the ignorance of her ministers, and flourish upon the bread which is baked by the State for my betters. I can work, but I wont; and the State cannot make me. I come and go here as I please. I use the workhouse as I would use my own private establishment—were it worth my while to provide myself with one—but you cannot do this, for you have not my cunning. You, I understand, would leave our little community tomorrow if you could; but the guardians will not let you go. They don't act thus from malice or ill-will, simply from caution. But I intend to help you. I would make a pauper of you if I could, for the pauper's life is after all the best; but if you prefer what you call a life of freedom, you shall have it; you must present yourself before the guardians in a proper manner."

"I've done that," said Druce, "but it's no go. They mean to keep me here."

"Not at all," replied Old Pair of Tongs. "You have not gone to work in the right way. They are willing enough to be rid of you, but you must appear before them with your case well in hand. You have friends outside, no doubt? Very well; let them find definite employment for you, and the Board will then send you out cheerfully. I wish you good night, and good fortune."

Druce saw that there was sense in this. The next day was Sunday, the chief day for letter-writing in the House. He waited his turn for the ink-pot and pen, and wrote a letter to an old friend in that district.

IV.

A WEEK later he appeared for the second time before the guardians, and begged for his discharge and an outfit. The master stood his friend as before, and supported his petition.

The guardians examined him, but this time he was in case to satisfy them.

"The man has a definite promise of work,

gentlemen," said the chairman; "is it your pleasure that we accede to his request?"

The ayes carried it, and Druce found himself a free man once more. He breathed a cleaner air beyond the workhouse walls, and vowed that he would enter them no more.

But in less than a week he felt himself flagging. His strength was below the mark. His muscles had shrunk upon the thin fare of the workhouse; he was no longer the man he had been. For a day or two his mates made up for him what he

came short in; but in the middle of the second week the foreman's tone grew briefer, and at the end of the week he was turned off. He held out while he could, and did not capitulate till he had parted with his last halfpenny. Then, weaker and more battered than ever, with body bent and hope strangled, he slunk into the House again.

He is there still, tempted to think he might do worse than follow the example of Old Pair of Tongs. Still, I fancy he will be on his legs again one of these days.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

AMONG THE MICROSCOPISTS.

VI.—THE SENSE-ORGANS OF INSECTS.—EARS.

WE saw in our last paper the value of the microscope in a country walk, or, nearer still, in the home garden. "A Tour round my Garden" with the microscope, or even a pocket lens, is, indeed, in these later days of the microcosmos, a formidable affair; and the microscopist, bent upon some single line of research, has resolutely to shut his eyes against a host of objects that solicit attention. The beginner has only to open the pages of Carpenter's "Microscope and its Revelations," or Dr. Cooke's useful "Thousand Objects for the Microscope," in order to get a fair start on such a tour.

We propose in this paper to deal with some microscopic curiosities in natural history which are not at present commonly known. The "specimens" to be brought before the reader are no strange, exotic, or monstrous examples of the sensational and aberrant in nature. We prefer to keep in the trodden paths, "familiar long, but never truly known."

The distribution of the sense-organs in the humbler forms of life is again our theme. The field is comparatively new, although the workers are now crowding into it.

The eyes of certain animals, their curious position on the body in some instances, and their presence in thousands on the head of a single individual, have already occupied our attention. The scallop, the coat-of-mail shell, and the curious Onchidium, with their visual organs in most unusual places, have in turn come before us. Myriad-eyed insects, looking out of their latticed lenses, have also excited our wonder.

We are now to deal with another sense-organ, the ear, and the peculiar positions in which it is found in certain well-known forms of invertebrate life.

"But surely the ear can only be looked for in one place—the usual place? Of course all animals have their ears on their heads, one on each side, like horses and dogs and sheep, and so on." A very natural exclamation, but scarcely borne out by the facts. True, we know as a rule on what part of the higher animals the ears are

placed, although it might puzzle some of us to find the part of a bird's body in which this organ is situate. Did the reader ever see an owl's or a pigeon's ear? Very few, we imagine, out of a natural history museum.

It is by no means a matter of course that we are to find an animal's ear on its head. True, the creatures we are most familiar with have their hearing organs so placed, but we are apt to forget that the majority of the animals inhabiting this earth are comparatively unknown to us. Just think for a moment of those interesting forms of animal life, the insects, which came before us in our last paper.

Let us now look at a few creatures who have their ears anywhere but on their heads—on their legs, on the sides of the body, in a joint of the antennæ, and even on the tail.

ANIMALS WITH EARS ON THEIR TAILS.

According to the Greek tradition, the eyes of Argus were transferred by Hera at his death to the tail of the peacock, her favourite bird. In the plumes of that gorgeous appendage a vivid imagination still sees them to-day. It must be admitted that the scientist of modern times has not yet found an animal with its eye situate on its tail, although, as we have seen, Old Ocean yields us, in the curious animal known as Onchidium, a creature whose ninety and odd dorsal eyes, distributed here and there down its back, are a fairly near approach to the supposititious visual organs of the peacock, with the advantage of being veritable organs of sight.

We can, however, actually produce to-day, from many of our inland brooks and rivers, a creature bearing another important sense-organ—the ear—*on its tail*. Perhaps this will be accepted as a substitute.

Come with us—a party of Saturday afternoon microscopical excursionists—this summer weather to a quiet rural stream, bordered with the meadow-sweet, the water-mint, and the grass of Parnassus. In the waters the yellow and white lilies, with

their large leaves, tell of a tranquil haunt of some of the favourites of the collector for the microscope.

You take up a handful of the singularly pretty ivy-leaved duckweed for your home aquarium and examine it. As you turn it over to count your prizes, the Opossum Shrimp is pretty sure to be amongst them. Mind he does not escape, and transfer him safely to the collecting-bottle. He is really a very remarkable creature, and by virtue of his romantic structure can hold his own against all the mythologies.

This freshwater shrimp—called the Opossum Shrimp because of the pouch which resembles in use the pouch of the opossum, kangaroo, and other marsupial animals—is about an inch in length. Its compound eyes are obvious enough at a glance, but it would puzzle the uninitiated observer to say where its ears are situate—if, indeed, it have any. The site of this organ is, however, well known to zoologists. Fig. 1 will show it.

An ear, then, may be an ear and yet not be situate on the head, nor have that outward fleshy appendage which marks the site of the organ in the higher animals.

the truth about this curiously-placed ear in the freshwater shrimp. This particular form of auditory organ really takes us into some wonderful secrets of nervous structure.

In future, as we walk by the banks of the running stream or sedge-grown brook, we shall possibly look at it with more vivid interest, and want to know more about its denizens. This little shrimp, equipped in an almost unique way for collecting the waves of sound, tells us there are evidently more things in its waters than were dreamt of in our philosophy.

The marine forms of the Opossum Shrimp are met with in countless myriads towards the surface of the Greenland Sea. Small as they are, they form the chief part of the food of the Greenland whale. The British freshwater form is known zoologically as *Mysis vulgaris*.

ANIMALS WITH EARS ON THEIR FORE LEGS.

Continuing our Saturday afternoon summer walk in the meadows within reach of the river and its "water-babies," we microscopists are on the alert for the next capture. Who else should so well earn Mrs. Barbauld's award in the well-

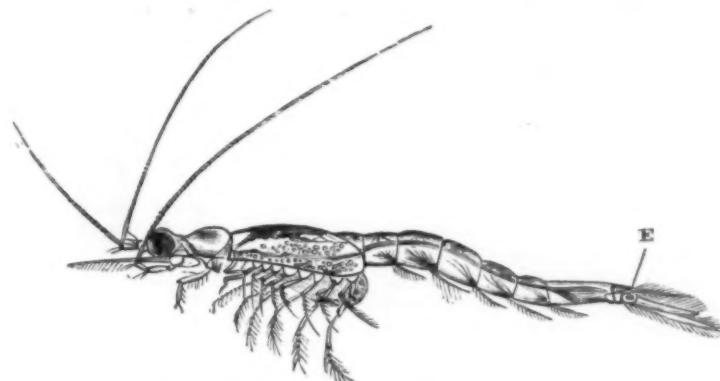


FIG. 1.—The Opossum Shrimp. E The ear on the tail.

The ear of the Opossum Shrimp, simple and rudimentary as it seems to be, is yet substantially the same in ultimate structure as that of man. The differences are those of an organism lower in kind. The tail, bearing the ear, is in the first place in telegraphic communication with the main mass of nerve centres in the head. The auditory nerve in the ear-chamber is really a continuation of the antenna nerve of the head, which runs throughout the body from head to tail. It is a branch of the internal antennary nerve. The auditory chamber is embedded in the internal antenna.

Arrived at the ear-chamber in the tail, this nerve gives out delicate fibres. These project from the wall of the chamber, respond to vibrations which take place in the water-world, send the message along the nerve-telegraph into the head, and so bring about the nervous excitations which we call sound.

Such is a part, but by no means the whole, of

known story of "Eyes and No Eyes"? As means of quickening the vision for observation in a country walk, surely the vocation of the microscopist is the best ever heard of.

The Great Green Grasshopper, a very fine and somewhat uncommon British insect, is at length found in the sweeping-net. This interesting creature is very difficult to discern when at rest in the grass, and a sharp eye is needed to see him. Clasping a large blade of grass, of exactly his own colour, he avails himself to the utmost of surroundings as green as himself. Here is, in fact, a very good case of "protective resemblance." He will be taken home by his captor, where he will become a domestic pet, for *Locusta viridissima* is a docile creature, and will live for some time in a glass vivarium with proper treatment. But not, in this case, before we have a short field-lecture upon him.

Where shall we look for his ears? The closest scrutiny of the head fails to reveal them. Fortu-

nately the *habitué* of microscopical exhibition-soirées knows well where to look for them.

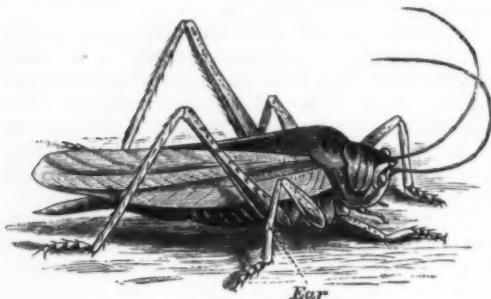


FIG. 2.—The Great Green Grasshopper.

The Great Green Grasshopper and his family (*Locustidae*) are among the comparatively few insects in which there exists a visible organ for the perception of sound. The ear or auditory organ has of late years revealed itself in a pair of apertures situated on the fore leg—of all places perhaps the most unlikely in which it would be looked for.

In such a position we need not expect to find any projecting outward ear, or "concha," such as we find in the higher animals. An external fleshy appendage would clearly be in the way on the leg of a jumping insect like a grasshopper.

All we can see at first sight are these apertures, with an operculum or lid to each. Inside the apertures we have a very much less simple state of things to deal with. The auditory structure is of the delicate complexity which taxes the most patient ingenuity of the microscopist to trace it out. Here again, as in the tail of the Opossum Shrimp, there is of course an ear-chamber. An air-conducting trunk or trachea dilates itself between two side membranes to form the chamber; on the walls of this chamber are spread out the

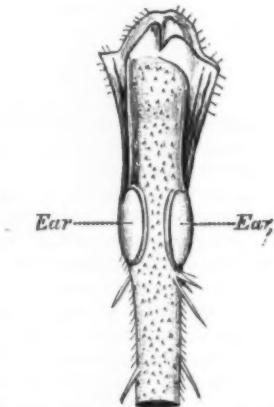


FIG. 3.—Ears on the front leg of the Great Green Grasshopper.

nerve-end cells, provided with nerve-rods. It is these nerve-rods in the terminal cells which respond to sound-waves, and send on the sound-message along the nerve-telegraph, or ganglionic chain, to headquarters.

It is only when we look into these apertures with the microscope that we see the beautiful completeness of the auditory apparatus, and learn how marvellously a leg can be modified so as to provide a place for an ear, and place it in full communication with the nervous system.

If we look again at the fore leg of the Great Green Grasshopper—directing our attention to the second joint or "tibia," for that is the exact part of the limb in which the ear is situate—we shall find that this part is somewhat dilated. Hereby hangs a further discovery.

It was in the year 1844 that Von Siebold first described these remarkable organs in the front legs of the Locustidae. Other observers followed, with confirmatory details, and eventually, in the year 1875, Dr. Vitus Gruber wrote a valuable and well-illustrated monograph, which is now perhaps the classic work on the subject. Dr. Gruber commences his memoir by remarking that these auditory organs in the legs are of an entirely unique character, and that nothing corresponding to them occurs in any other insect.

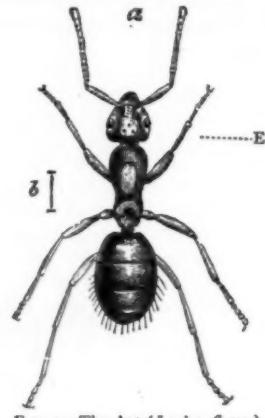


FIG. 4.—The Ant (*Lasius flavus*).

But this curious swelling in the fore leg of one family of insects led people to look out for similar dilatations in the legs of other insects. Accordingly Sir John Lubbock has examined certain ants, in which the structure of the tibia looked, to say the least, suspicious. In the ant *Lasius*

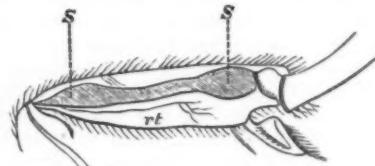


FIG. 5.—Leg-joint of Ant, showing position of the ear.

flavus, Figs. 4 and 5, the air-trunk or trachea is dilated, as in the Great Green Grasshopper. The remarkable chambers in the trachea (marked *S S* in Fig. 5) are believed by Sir John to contain nerve-ends which serve for hearing.

This various distribution of the sense-organs—of ears as well as eyes—on unusual parts of the body is one of the most instructive and best

established of the facts of modern natural history. We know of ears in the basal joints of the antennae of the crab and lobster tribe, as well as in the tail; and there can be no doubt that fresh discoveries yet await us. In insect-life especially the incompleteness of our knowledge — nay, our ignorance—is one of the commonplaces of the scientist.

AN EAR ON THE SIDE OF THE BODY.

Our field ramble in search of the microscopical is not yet concluded, and we have a few more trophies of the "micro-naturalist" to show to the curious. The hedgerows are being beaten for weevils and other small cattle, which are caught in an inverted umbrella. The loose bark of old trees is being examined for rare and curious minims dear to the entomologist and hiding beneath it. "Oak-apples" and other tree-galls are being cut open and their chambers explored, if haply some of the tiny yet gorgeous winged creatures which find a home in them may be found ready for the cabinet.

The visitor who perchance has never before had a field-day with a microscopical club has on such an occasion an interesting time of it, and the outdoor proceedings and *modus operandi* of the really working members of the club entertain and instruct and not seldom puzzle him. The collecting microscopist on a July Saturday afternoon like this really seems to take toll of everything under the sun. Nothing is too humble or insignificant for his practised eye. He seems to be gifted with second sight. He points out to you a hundred things you would have never seen. Here, for instance, is a row of the curious stalked eggs of a certain insect, standing up from a twig in a privet-hedge. The author of them—the golden-eye, or lace-winged fly—actually makes the stalks as well as the eggs at the summit of them. Our guide catches the insect itself and shows its beautifully nerved wings. Another of the party, great in "micro-geology," has espied, to his delight, an open chalk-pit in the side of the turf-clad down, and is speedily at work on a heap of moist, freshly-dug flints. From the little cavities in the surface of the larger flints he carefully scoops out the chalk-mud and transfers it to a bottle. He will wash the white mud leisurely at home, and in this way obtain from it some of the exquisite microscopical shells of the old chalk sea, the tiny porcellaneous chalices, vases, flasks, ornamented globes, and geometrically-shaped tenements which under the microscope will be a joy for ever in the home circle and at the club's winter meetings.

Another is collecting a series of the stems of common plants, including even the common way-side burdock, the rush from the brook, the wild clematis from the hedgerow. Those who have once seen the cells of these stems under the microscope, especially the star-shaped cells of the rush, will not wonder at his partiality.

There are summer noises in the furze-bushes and the grass all around us, some familiar, some strange. In the furze, little explosions as of small

shots being fired by invisible hands keep up an intermittent fusillade. It is the ripe seed-pods, bursting in the July heat, and discharging their seeds all around them. At the same time the grass is vocal with song. The chirp of the grasshopper is everywhere heard. One insect's note in particular is of a peculiar *timbre*, and an attempt is made to find his whereabouts. One spot is searched after another, but in vain. The would-be captor evidently does not know how ventriloquial the grasshopper can be—at least to human ears—though doubtless easily found by his mate.

Another specimen is, however, accidentally found. The captor exhibits it as a fresh example of an unusual position of the ear on the insect's body.

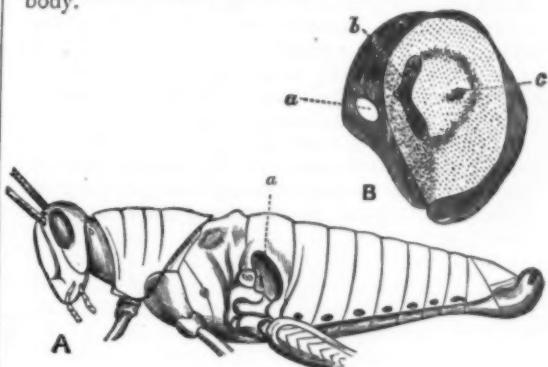


FIG. 6.—Abdominal ear of the Common Grasshopper.
A, figure, showing position of ear; *a*, tympanum, or drum.
B, the left outer ear, enlarged; *a*, opening in raised rim of the drum; *b*, large horny projection seen through the semi-transparent drum; *c*, smaller horny projection.

The grasshopper's ear is situate on the abdomen—another instance of the adaptability of almost all parts of the insect's body for the reception of sense-organs usually found on the head. The two apertures, which are of considerable size, are situated on the first abdominal segment, as shown in the figure. They are closed by a tense membrane, which has the function of a drum in responding to sound-waves. On the inner surface of this membrane, or tympanum, are certain horny or chitinous processes, one of which terminates in the kind of chamber or vesicle already described in the Great Green Grasshopper and the Opossum Shrimp. A nerve from one of the central nerve-masses, or ganglia, runs to this apparatus, and another is in contact with the delicate vesicle, which is filled with transparent fluid. Both these nerves give rise to the fine rods, or filaments, characteristic of sense-organs. As in the cases already mentioned, so with the common grasshopper; the auditory organ, somewhat remotely placed from the nervous headquarters, is in full communication with them by virtue of a continuous nerve-telegraph.

Strange at first sight that creatures so nearly related as the Great Green Grasshopper (*Locusta*) and the smaller creature now before us (*Acridium*) should have their auditory organs in different parts of the body. Another instance of the adaptability of insect structure.

Lastly it is tolerably certain that these abdominal ears of the grasshopper, rudimentary as they may seem, are in some respects keener for sound than our own. Watch the males as they stand on four legs chirping to their mates. The chirp is produced by the friction of the hinder thighs against the wing-cases. The insect works the hind legs alternately and rapidly up and down on each side of the body, and by this rapid scraping produces the chirping sound which so well simulates vocal notes. But it has been remarked by good observers that the males of some species exercise themselves in the same way without producing any effect so far as our ears are concerned, and yet they may be, and most likely are, audible to their companions.

In short, all zoologists now hold it certain that among the lower animals, as we call them, there are many forms of sensation of which we, in consequence of the highly specialised nature of our own senses, can have no conception.

Fig. 7 shows another modification of the hearing organ in crickets. In the house-cricket, as we see, there is only one auditory aperture, and this is placed on the outside of the tibia of the fore leg.

Neither microscopist nor more thorough-going zoologist pretends to know all about the singular organs thus brought before us. They open up



FIG. 7.

questions too large to be more than glanced at here. Still, we are thankful for a modicum of knowledge to go on with. There is no need to minimise the value of discoveries which make the world so much more interesting, and reveal to us the wondrous wealth of vital mechanism and adaptation of structure to function with which it has been endowed. We are quite sure Gilbert White would have been glad to live in these days of microscopical discovery in the world of insect life he loved so well.

HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

LONDON BACHELORS AND THEIR MODE OF LIVING.

BY A LONDON BACHELOR OF LONG STANDING.

IV.

IN housekeeping, bachelors have a limited and simple sphere, but they seldom cut a brilliant figure in it. Married men have at least this advantage over them, that housekeeping responsibility rests on the shoulders of their wives, and if they are themselves ignorant of domestic affairs it does not matter much. But for a bachelor to know nothing is a serious misfortune, involving discomfort and untidiness and many an overcharge.

The shiftlessness of bachelorhood arises more from want of training than from any other cause. It is certainly no natural incapacity that unfit a man from going marketing, cooking a little, darning stockings, sewing on buttons, putting finishing touches to the tidiness of his rooms, keeping an eye on his housekeeper, or giving a useful direction to the energies of the lodging-house domestic. A notion still lingers in the minds of some—and it is one of the remnants of a savage state of existence—that such things should be left to women, and that it is beneath the dignity of man to fry a sole or handle a duster. Such an idea might do well enough amongst primitive people, but in our complex modern life it is quite out of place. No youth should nowadays be sent out into the world an ignoramus in regard to cookery and domestic management. One never knows what his fate is to be and of what service such homely knowledge may prove.

The chief difficulties of the bachelor as a helpless housekeeper are connected with eating and drinking. These drive many a man desperate, and so make him take refuge in matrimony, for all are not like the workman who saw no reason for "giving a woman half his victuals in order to get the other half cooked."

In attending to the frequent necessity of satisfying hunger the bachelor is liable to commit one of two errors. He may grow to be too particular, and so end in becoming a gourmet and a man of bottles and decanters. Or he may slide into total indifference about either the quality or variety of what is set before him. With all who are busily employed this is the greater danger. There is a story told of a scientific man who, leading a bachelor life and despising the pleasures of the table, went to a tavern and ordered a rump-steak pudding every day till further notice; and we have known a case where, without complaint from the bachelor, the same dish was served nearly every day for about nine years.

Breakfast being the only meal ordinarily taken by the bachelor at home, he often begins the day with melancholy reflections on the weak points of the cookery undertaken by laundresses and lodging-house keepers. Some men breakfast abroad, but the inconvenience of this is an objection, not to speak of the additional expense. With a little ingenuity every man may be his own breakfast-

provider. For a few shillings cooking-stoves and bachelor's kettles may be had, burning mineral oil or methylated spirit, by means of which tea may be infused, eggs boiled, and dainty dishes prepared—just the very thing for the bachelor who wishes to secure a satisfactory breakfast and complete independence therewith.

Most bachelors dine abroad, and man as a dining animal has been so carefully studied in the metropolis of late that they meet with no difficulty in having their wants supplied, whether they wish a vegetarian banquet of lentil soup and vegetable pie, a fish dinner of a dozen courses, a good "square" national meal of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, or a table-d'hôte dinner with all the charms of a musical accompaniment as an aid to digestion.

In nothing has the metropolis advanced so much within the last few years as in the facilities it affords for obtaining good food, well cooked, and at moderate prices. It has been little short of a revolution. The weak point, perhaps, is that there are now so many allurements held out to lovers of the table to eat about twice as much as is necessary.

The Swiss and Italian cafés of London form a favourite haunt for many a bachelor. They are often excellent for the viands they supply, whilst for picturesqueness and interest the company usually beats that in more formal institutions. From behind the little marble tables one may survey the world at one's ease, from the domino-playing and discontented foreigners, once with rights according to their own account, but now without them, to the German lad and lass, who, over a cup of tea, sit quoting scraps of poetry to each other, so happy and so unaffected.

However cheaply one goes about it, eating and drinking at restaurants and cafés runs away with a good deal of money, and a bachelor who finds it a difficult matter to make both ends meet will do wisely to manage his own marketing, become his own cook, and dine at home. This reminds us of what James Nasmyth, the celebrated engineer, did, when he came to London as a lad of seventeen, to serve as an assistant at the Maudslays'. His example may be recommended to all young bachelors who wish by economy to improve their position and add to their usefulness in the world.

When Nasmyth came to town he had only ten shillings a week of wages. "But I resolved," he says in his Autobiography, "that my wages alone should maintain me in food and lodging. I therefore directed my attention to economical living. I found that a moderate dinner at an eating-house would cost me more than I could afford to spend. In order to keep within my weekly income, I bought the raw materials and cooked them in my own way and to my own taste. I set to and made a drawing of a very simple, compact, and handy cooking-apparatus. I took the drawing to a tinsmith near at hand, and in two days I had it in full operation. The apparatus cost ten shillings including the lamp. . . . I put the meat in the pot with the other comestibles at nine o'clock in the morning. It simmered away all day until

half-past six in the evening, when I came home with a healthy appetite to enjoy my dinner. . . .

"The meat I generally cooked in it was leg of beef, with sliced potato, bits of onion chopped down, and a modicum of white pepper and salt, with just enough of water to cover the elements. When stewed slowly the meat became very tender, and the whole yielded a capital dish which a very Soyer might envy. It was partaken of with a zest that, no doubt, was a very important element in its savouriness. The whole cost of this capital dinner was about fourpence-halfpenny. I sometimes varied the meat with rice boiled with a few raisins and a pennyworth of milk. My breakfast and tea, with bread, cost me about fourpence each. My lodgings cost three shillings and sixpence a week."

Many of the difficulties and dangers of bachelors as a class arise from their loneliness. There is a natural craving for companionship and a necessity for relaxation, and the question is how to have the companionship elevating and the relaxation innocent. In settling it, the first point is to have a man guided by good principles and common sense, without which there is danger in everything.

Bachelors are more pleasure-seekers out of doors than married men, for it takes a strong inducement to tempt people abroad when they have a cosy fireside at home. Friends come to the married man, but the bachelor has, as a rule, to go to see his friends, and no one has greater need than he to keep his friendships in constant repair. It is a fortunate thing, however, for his comfort when a bachelor's tastes are solitary and when, with reading or music, he can make the hours seem short.

Single men of a social turn are generally allowed to give the best parties in the world, if we measure the excellence of parties by liveliness, fun, and originality. The company may often be in excess of the crockery, knives may have to do double duty, and the contents of the cupboard be shovelled on the table to be scrambled for, but with our feet under a bachelor's mahogany there is an "under the greenwood tree" feeling of light-heartedness and freedom.

The breakfast parties given by Henry Crabb Robinson, the diarist, may be referred to as examples of such entertainments. Of these, Walter Bagehot has left an amusing account. "There was little," he says, "to gratify the un-intellectual part of man at these breakfasts, and what there was, was not easy to be got at. Your host, just as you were sitting down to breakfast, found he had forgotten to make the tea, then he could not find the keys, then he rang the bell to have them searched for; but long before the servant came he had gone off into some story or other, and could not the least remember what he had wanted. The more astute of his guests used to breakfast before they came."

The solitary life of the bachelor has one great recommendation—it is favourable to study. This is fortunate, for there is a necessity for completing one's stores of information before entering on domestic life, it being difficult to make any

sensible additions to them afterwards. The worst of it is that the student in lodgings and chambers, meeting with few checks on his enthusiasm, often overdoes study, and forgets the existence of natural laws which it is fatal to transgress. He curtails sleep, and does not take enough exercise. One can excuse his sitting up late at night in winter, however, so long as he makes up for it by rising late in the morning. The animal man must be comfortable if the intellectual man is to do good work, and comfort is not to be had, except in bed, till fires are lit.

Bachelors develop eccentricities more readily than other folk. When people live with each other they must subdue personal feelings and habits, and constant friction seldom fails to wear off rough corners and irregularities. The solitary bachelor, however, follows his own bent without hindrance, and has much less of a machine-made air than his more social friends. This makes him more refreshing to meet, but not so pleasant to share the same roof with.

Every London bachelor has in his mind a gallery of oddities he has made the acquaintance of in lodgings, chambers, cafés, and clubs—men whose peculiarities might perhaps have thriven anywhere, but never certainly to such an extent as on the fertile soil of an isolated life. To name only a few in our own gallery, there is first the bachelor who used to maintain an attitude of profound suspicion, and was never known to leave his room without sealing up with great red seals his portmanteau and every drawer and cupboard in use.

Then there is the bachelor who never destroyed anything, and in whose chambers were piles of old match-boxes and stacks of empty tinned-mutton cans, and who carried out so rigorously the maxim of having a place for everything that a superannuated kettle had occupied the same spot by the side of his fire for seven years.

Next is the bachelor whose mania was to encourage mice, scattering crumbs for them on the carpet just as one might do out of doors for sparrows. He lived in the same lodgings as another bachelor oddity who collected flint-chips and the skulls of ancient Britons, and who was particular always to say, "I collect nothing but what is prehistoric; no modern antiquities for me!"

After these may be mentioned the man who, when he took lodgings, gave vague hints that he might be there for years, but made it a rule never to stay more than a week in any one place: he was always on the move. We must not forget, too, the bachelor in chambers who invariably went to bed, summer and winter, at nine o'clock, and who—the very model of a shrewd, practical man in other things—had an unconquerable repugnance to newspapers, not having opened one for years, but trusting to get all necessary knowledge of current events in conversation with his friends.

Then there is the student-bachelor, whose solitude, spite of all his eccentricities, was perhaps to be envied, for one saw in him how a man might have little of the world's wealth and live in a humble lodging, yet be rich in thought, and

so dwell in airy palaces to which the mansions of the great are no better than mud cabins. And, last of all, we may mention the eccentric bachelor flute-player, who, when he solaced himself with a tune, had his music placed between two massive silver candlesticks, whilst the rest of the room was brilliantly lit up by dozens of candles stuck in ginger-beer bottles.

If bachelors had iron constitutions and could always enjoy good health, what a fine time of it they would have; but a touch of illness discovers the weak points in their condition. "When a man's a little bit poorly" he sometimes repents his resolution to live and die in a state of celibacy.

The fact is well known that married men have a better chance of long life than bachelors. Their health is better looked after for one thing. An old bachelor, thought to be very near his end, having had this fact impressed upon him, married a young wife, and had a clause inserted in the marriage settlement to the effect that she was to have a substantial addition to her allowance for every year that he survived. That was some years ago, and he is reported as not dead yet.

The relative mortality of men and women in the married and single state has not been accurately determined for England, but it has been shown for Scotland, and no doubt the figures for the two countries are pretty much alike. In Scotland, at the age of twenty, the expectation of life among married men is 40.8 years, while that of unmarried men of the same age is only 35.0. At the age of twenty-five the difference in favour of the married is 4.5 years; at the age of thirty it is 3.6 years; at the age of forty it is 2.4 years; and at the age of fifty the advantage possessed by the married is represented by 1.7 years.

It doubles the gravity of illness when one is without the attentions of loving hands. A good Samaritan may sometimes turn up with cheerfulness in his voice and sunshine in his face, but as a general rule the sick bachelor lies in bed or moans over the fire, feeling lonely and helpless, discontented and miserable. He pictures to himself all sorts of horrors; thinks of John Elwes, the miser—a brother bachelor—being found all alone and apparently in the agonies of death, in his house in Great Marlborough Street; dreams of Swedenborg—another brother bachelor—lying in trances for days together in his lodging in Coldbath Fields, with a look so peculiar on his face that his landlord thought he was dead; and discusses with himself whether he should not straightway make a will to imitate the eccentric Richard Russell—another brother bachelor—who died at Bermondsey, in 1784, and "left £50 each to six young women, who were to attend as pall-bearers, and £20 each to four other young women, who were to precede his corpse and strew flowers, whilst the Dead March in 'Saul' was being played by the organist."

Those who fall ill in lodgings and chambers are not now so badly off, however, as they used to be. At several London hospitals one can enter now as a paying patient, obtaining in this way skilled nursing, and the best medical advice, and passing through one's illness under better hygienic

conditions than would be possible at home. The charges are exceedingly moderate, and no bachelor who, being seized with a serious illness, wishes to make the best of his misfortune, will hesitate in packing himself off to one of these institutions.

What is the lowest sum for which a bachelor can live in London? In trying to answer this we must be on our guard against taking figures from old authorities, for the cost of living in London advances steadily every year. What was obtained for £100 a year in 1792 would have required £141 in 1823, £155 in 1845, and would need within a few pounds of £200 at the present day.

Suppose a bachelor to belong to the middle class of society, he has no reason to be dissatisfied if he has, say, any sum from £500 down to £120 a year. The last-named figure, however, will require economy, though with good management there will be no need for cheeseparing. It will allow of his dressing respectably, dining frugally abroad, and having breakfast and tea comfortably at home: there would be little remaining, however, for extras.

But to live on much less than £120 is what is done by thousands of single men in town, and without much difficulty either, for one may save in rent, and save in dress, and make a great saving in food by adopting such plans as those we have given an instance of in connection with Nasmyth the engineer. A man who knows his way about

may indeed live better on £80 a year than one with £120 who has not studied the useful art of getting the best things for the least possible expense.

There is a more or less satisfactory end to everything, and that to bachelorthood is marriage. A well-authenticated story tells of a man who left the bulk of his fortune to a lady as a thankoffering for her once rejecting him, and so enabling him to spend the rest of his life in a happy single state. But this is an exceptional instance. After a time most men tire of the unsettled ways of celibacy, and long for safe anchorage in a happy home. They see that domestic life is neither splendid nor brilliant, but "its stillness and repose only the more surely fascinate the heart."

Some one at last crosses their path, and their friends have the opportunity then of watching two people drawing nearer and nearer together as if by destiny. It is sometimes an anxious spectacle, for a friend married may be lost, wives having often as jealous fears of a husband's bachelor acquaintances as if they were old sweethearts. Then comes the wedding, and as the curtain falls not even the most hardened bachelor has the courage to quote, except in jest, the saying of Selden, that "Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in *Æsop* were extremely wise, they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well because they could not get out again."

THE RULES OF THE TOURNAMENT.

IN the sixth year of the reign of Edward I a tournament was held in Windsor Park, and in the Record Office there still exists the roll containing the little bill for the entertainment. This roll is on two skins, and contains two accounts, the first showing the purchases made by Adinett the tailor — the "Cissor;" the second giving the list of things for which it was thought necessary to send to Paris.

In this Windsor tournament many distinguished knights took part. Among them were Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, the king's cousin, the son of Richard, King of the Romans; Gilbert de Clare, the powerful Earl of Gloucester, who afterwards married Edward's daughter, Joan of Acre; the Earl of Warren, the husband of Alice, King Henry III's sister; William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the king's uncle; Pain de Chaworth, the Crusader; Roger de Trumpington, the close friend of the king; and Robert de Titebot.

Their armour was all provided at the public expense; and to carry the whole of it from London to Windsor cost exactly three shillings. The twelve knights of highest rank had gilded helmets, and for gilding these Ralph de la Hay received a shilling a piece. The shields were of wood, and were provided by Stephen the joiner at seven-pence each. The expenditure seems curiously

economical in these days; the whole cost of the articles provided in England amounting to £80 11s. 8d.

The Paris goods cost considerably more, amounting to £447 12s. 5d. But then the articles consisted of furs for the king's couch and queen's mantle; of canvas, fine linen, and towels; of saddles richly embroidered; of half a dozen pair of double gloves, and the same quantity of buckskin gloves "for the king;" of two ivory combs "for the king;" of four green and three red carpets "for the king's chamber;" of a velvet covering for the head of the king's bed; and of a cloth dyed in grain for the little Lord Alphonso, the king's eldest son and heir to the throne, who died shortly afterwards, much to the satisfaction of the Prince of Wales. And it may not here be out of place to note that though the Prince of Wales is now the eldest son of the monarch, the first Prince of Wales was King Edward's second son.

These Paris goods went first to Glastonbury, where Edward was at the time opening the tomb of King Arthur, and causing the bones "to be removed out of the said tomb, to behold the length and bigness of them." The carriage paid by Robinet from Paris to Glastonbury was twenty shillings. Altogether the personal expenses of

the Windsor tournament were under £530, and this can hardly be considered an extravagant sum even in those days when money had so much more value than now.

In a few years from this meeting in Windsor Park, and for some time afterwards, Edward, the first Prince of Wales, his brother Edmund of Lancaster, with the Earls of Gloucester, Lincoln, and Pembroke, seemed to have had the general superintendence of the tournaments held in the kingdom. In the "Statutum armorum in tornamentis" of 1295 the authority of this committee is upheld, and it is stated therein that any one acting in contravention of its provisions shall lose both his horse and his harness, and abide in prison at the pleasure of "our lord Sir Edward" and his fellow-officers.

Some such control seems always to have been exercised over tournaments; and many years afterwards, in the reign of Edward IV, we have still left to us "The Ordinances, Statutes, and Rules made by John Lord Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Constable of England, to be observed or kept in all manner of justes of peaces royall within this realme of England," wherein "justes of peaces" does not mean "justices of the peace," as would at first sight appear, but rather "jousts of peace," or peaceable tiltings for the amusement of the ladies and the crowd in general.

In the Lansdowne MSS. there is a complete description of the ceremonial on such occasions in vogue at this period, and a few notes thereon may not be uninteresting; the recent death of the Duchess of Somerset, the Lady Seymour, who was Queen of Beauty at the famous Eglinton Tournament in 1839—when the so-called "degenerate" sons discovered that they were too big to get into their fathers' suits—having revived for a moment the fast-dying curiosity in the cumbrous amusements of our ancestors.

"To cry a justes of peas," says the document. But the spelling is so charmingly erratic that we had better modernise. The proclamation of the jousts then ran as follows: "We heralds of arms bearing shields of device, here we give in knowledge unto all gentlemen of name and of arms, that there be vi gentlemen of name and of arms that for the great desire and worship that the said vi gentlemen have taken upon them to be the third day of May next coming before the high and mighty redoubted ladies and gentlewomen, in this high and most honourable court. And in their presence the said six gentlemen then to appear at ix of the clock before noon and to joust against all comers without, the said day unto vi of the clock at afternoon. And then by the advice of the said ladies and gentlewomen to give unto the best joust a diamond of £40.

"And unto the next best joust a ruby of £20, and to the third well joust a sapphire of £10. And on the said day there being officers of arms showing the measure of their spears garnished, that is coronall"—the head of the lance, so called from its resemblance to a small crown—"vamplate"—the round guard for the hand—"and grapers"—the hooks for the lances—"all of a

size that they shall joust with, and that the comers may take the length of the said spears with the advice of the said officers of arms that shall be indifferent unto all parties unto the said day." So runs the proclamation. Then we have the outfit required for horse and man. A helmet "well stuffid;" a "haustement," that is a pair of stays to keep the knight upright; "a shelle coovirde with his device;" a "rerebrace," the armour for the back of the arm; a "maynesere" for the horse's neck; a "vambrace," *avant-bras* for the front of the arm; a "gaynpayne," *gagnepain*, the playful name for the tilting sword; "brickettes," breast plates; and many other articles we need not particularise. Each man, however, had to bring his "armerer with hamour and pynsons," or as we should write it, "armourer with hammer and pincers;" and "naiiles with a bickorne," the bickorne being the bickerne, or beak iron, the old name for an anvil. Above all he must not forget his "good courster and new shodd, with a softe bitte," and "vi servantes on foote all in oon sute."

The description of the "commynge into the felde" is also worth quotation. "The vi gentlemen must come into the field unharnessed, and their helms borne before them, and their servants on horseback, bearing either of them a spear garnished, that is the said spears which the said six servants shall ride before them into the field; and as the said vi gentlemen be coming before the ladies and gentlewomen. Then shall be sent a herald of arms up unto the ladies and gentlewomen saying in this wise; high and mighty redoubted and right worshipful ladies and gentlewomen, these vi gentlemen come into your presence and recommend them all into your good grace in as lowly wise as they can, beseeching you for to give unto the three best jousters a diamond and a ruby and a sapphire unto them that ye think best can deserve it. Then this message is done. Then the vi gentlemen go into the tilthouse and doth put on their helms."

The contest is then to begin and to continue until the heralds cry, "à lostell! à lostell!" which means simply "go home," "get to your lodgings." Hall, for instance, in his account of the tournament which Francis I and Henry VIII held at Guisnes says: "Then began a new encounter hard and sore, many of them bare great strokes of the kinges to their honour; when these bendes were delivered the heraldes cryed à lostel, and the princes then disarmed and went to lodgynge."

Before leaving this we may as well give the set speech of the Queen of Beauty. "Sir," she was to say, as she presented the diamond, "these ladies and gentlewomen thank you for your sport and great labour that ye have this day in their presence. And the said ladies and gentlewomen say that ye have best jousted this day. Therefore the said ladies and gentlewomen give you this diamond and send you much worship and joy of your lady." As with the diamond, so had the leading lady to do with the ruby and the sapphire, and then came the climax, which we had better give in the original, as it would be a pity to spoil it: "This doon than shall the heraude of armys



A TOURNAMENT.

C. J. Hillingford.

stonde up all an high, and shall say withall an high voice, John hath well justid, Ric hath justid betir, and Thomas hath justid best of all!"

Gunpowder killed the tournament. As soon as it became a contest with obsolete weapons, and sank into a state pageant, it lost nearly all its popularity; and when, in 1559, Montmorency's lance killed Henry II the lists were forbidden in France; and other countries soon followed the fashion. From France the fashion was at one time said to have come, but Charles the Bald's gathering in 841, and Henry the Fowler's in 930—to say nothing of the Khalif Almansor's poetical contest, which linked the tourneys on to the warlike games of the ancient Persians on the one hand, and to the Roman gladiatorial displays on the other—have effectually disposed of the well-worn claims of Geoffroi de Prieulli.

Tournaments were serious undertakings; they were never everyday affairs. They took almost as much time to organise as our international exhibitions, and their chronicle was as carefully kept. Henry the Fowler's was the first of the thirty-six "Tournaments of the Empire." It was held at Madgeburg; the last was held at Worms in 1487. In the interval nearly all the chief cities had been favoured with a sight of the lists. The second German "Thurnier" took place at Rothenburg in 942, the third at Constance in 948, the fourth at Mersburg in 968. Four great tournaments took place at Regensburg in 1284, 1396, 1412, and 1417, and two were held at Worms, one in 1209, one, the last, in 1487.

The tournament was in its prime from the twelfth to the fourteenth century; it even spread to the Greeks of the Lower Empire. Anna Commena deduced the *τόπεια* from the Olympic

Games, and Joannes Cantacuzene had something to say about it when Anne of Savoy reached Constantinople to be the bride of Andronicus III. The credit of the invention he gave to the Latins.

Stephen introduced the lists into England, but Henry II, who had his son Geoffrey killed in the Paris tournament of 1185, joined the Church in opposing them. In Richard's time the prohibition was removed, and for a couple of centuries thereafter they were a recognised institution.

Never, however, do they seem to have had the hearty support of the bishops. At their first appearance all who took part in them were subject to excommunication, and any knight killed in them was denied Christian burial. In mere fighting for fighting's sake the hierarchy had little sympathy, but the worthier ideal of knighthood they really did their best to foster. And knighthood had more of the religious in it than we are apt to think. When at seven years old the boy was taken from the women the Church stepped in to guide him; when at fourteen he became an esquire he accepted his sword from the Church's hands; and when his final trial came—unless upon the battle-field—he had to keep his vigil, watch his armour, fast, and spend three nights alone in the chapel at prayer, before he could be admitted to knighthood, and then before he received the accolade he had his sword given him from the altar, with the solemn injunction—

"Receive this sword in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and use it for your own defence and for that of God's holy Church, and for the confusion of the enemies of the cross of Christ and of the Christian faith, and as far as human frailty may permit wound no one unjustly with it."

THE RETREAT OF THE GLACIERS.

DR. ALBERT HEIM, Professor of Geology at Zurich, has recently brought together, in the form of a sketch map, the evidence obtained of late years by experiments on the spot as to the retreat of the Rhone glacier. Most visitors who have walked up from the hotel to the termination of the glacier have noticed the successive artificial lines of stones laid across the floor of the valley right in front of the glacier, and some have vainly looked in the guide-books for an explanation. The subject is an interesting one, and no one should now visit this glacier, which, as Professor Tyndall says, has no superior of its kind in the Alps, without taking Dr. Heim's map pasted into his "Baedeker." Every September the glacier, obeying the law common to similar "ice-rivers," ceases to advance down the valley, the summer temperature diminishing its bulk and momentum, and begins to retreat. The extreme point which it reaches year by year under ordinary meteorological conditions shows but a slight variation above or below a given line drawn across the valley; but the fact that former ages have

witnessed enormous increase in the magnitude and the path of glaciers lends great interest to any indication of change in the present day in the direction either of advance or retreat, as telling of some fresh change in the grander cosmical conditions.

It may seem unnecessary to most readers to say it, but in the present case the problem to be solved was not, as some visitors seem to think, whether the Rhone glacier really moves, but whether it increasingly fails year by year to reach its old limit of extension down the valley, and so gives evidence of annual decline in bulk.

It was in the year 1870 that authentic observations were commenced. According to the inhabitants the glacier had been retreating for some ten years or more; but as it was known that other glaciers had been advancing year by year in that time beyond their usual limits, nothing short of scientific demonstration every autumn would satisfy the trained glaciologist. M. F. A. Forel and Professor Dufour in the year mentioned mapped the front of the glacier for the first time. The

result of successive autumnal measurements is seen in the annexed sketch. The glacier was steadily receding year by year.

In 1879 the front of the glacier shrank up the valley to a distance unparalleled in the memory of the inhabitants of the country. The continual retreat up to the year 1882 is shown in the transverse lines on the map, a line being drawn for every two years.

This retreat, which commenced about 1855 or 1856, is not peculiar to the Rhone glacier. In the *Bulletin de la Société Vaudoise des Sciences Naturelles*, Professor Dufour shows that it is a general phenomenon throughout the chain of the Alps, although it did not commence everywhere at the same time. Some glaciers were advancing when others were decreasing. At present the retrograde movement has become the rule in all the Swiss Alpine regions.

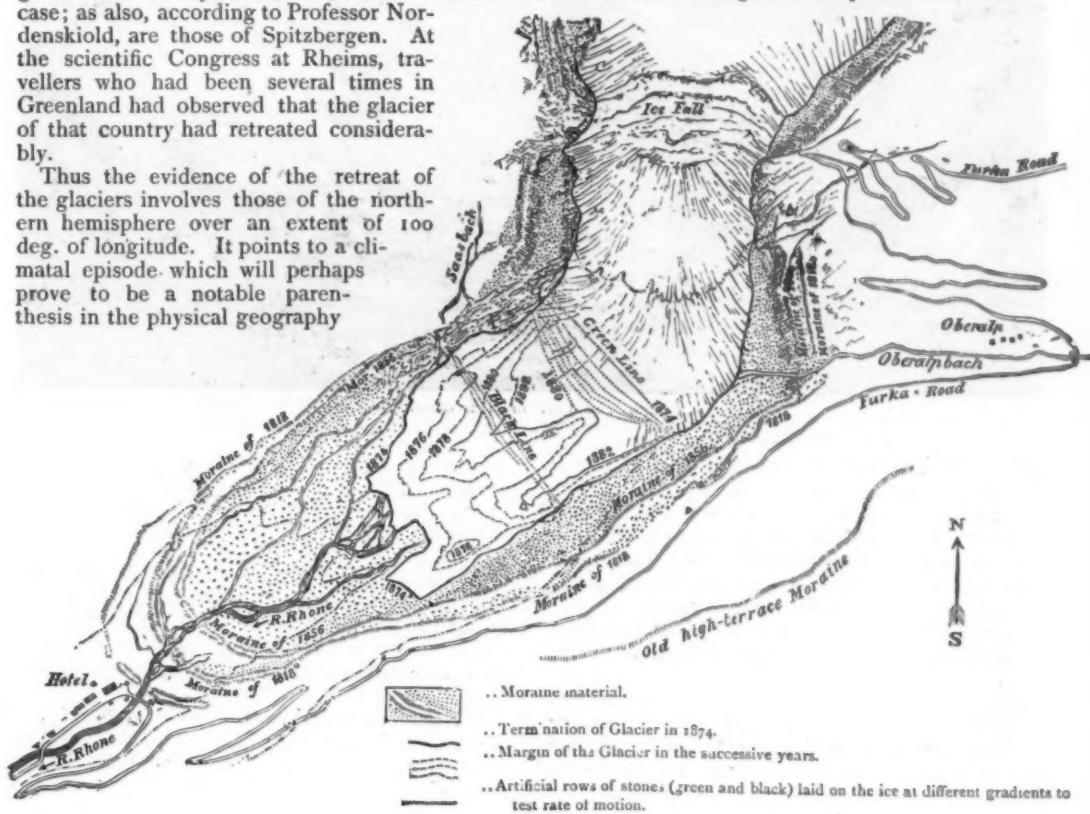
Is this diminution of the glaciers general throughout Europe? Are the glaciers of the Caucasus and of Scandinavia also retreating? M. Wild, the Director of the Central Physical Observatory of Russia, and M. Nyström, a well-known Swedish scientist, have answered for their respective countries in the affirmative. The glaciers of the Pyrenees, too, are in the same case; as also, according to Professor Nordenskiöld, are those of Spitzbergen. At the scientific Congress at Rheims, travellers who had been several times in Greenland had observed that the glacier of that country had retreated considerably.

Thus the evidence of the retreat of the glaciers involves those of the northern hemisphere over an extent of 100 deg. of longitude. It points to a climatal episode which will perhaps prove to be a notable parenthesis in the physical geography

of the hemisphere. But it would be a mistake to look only to the last quarter of a century for an explanation of the phenomenon, for the physical conditions have not varied much during that period. It is not until the lapse of many years that the ice formed in the great gathering ground at the head of the glacier arrives at the glacier's foot, where it melts. All this ice therefore represents the sum of the meteorological actions that have taken place during a very long period of time, perhaps more than a century. For instance, it takes at least seventy years for the great Aletsch glacier to run itself out. The cause of the retreat of the glaciers, should it be ascertained, will prove to be an important factor in the physics of the globe.

The downward motion of the Rhone glacier, as measured above the Ice-fall, is about 340 feet annually, at the foot 30 feet.

The map gives some interesting glimpses of the far grander Rhone glacier of a past age. The old high-terrace moraine, overlooking the Furka road, far up above the level of the present glacier, reminds us of smaller but similar memorials in our own upland valleys in Britain, notably Llanberis Pass, both alike telling of the enormous bulk and extension of the glaciers in prehistoric times.



MAP SHOWING THE ANNUAL RETREAT OF THE RHONE GLACIER.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN MY CARAVAN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE HIGH ROAD TO THE HIGHLANDS.



CROSSING THE LAST OF THE GRAMPIANS.

AT Cumbercault the people were pleased to see us once more, and quite a large crowd surrounded the Wanderer. On leaving the village we passed strings of caravans at Denny-Lowhead, and exchanged smiles and good-mornings with them. Then on to the Stirling road, through an altogether charming country.

Through Windsor, Milton, and the romantic village of St. Ninian's, near which is Bannockburn.

Then away and away, to Stirling and through it, intending to bivouac for the night at Bridge of Allan; but, Scot that I am, I could not pass that monument on Abbey Craig to Scotland's great deliverer, so here I lie in the grounds of a railway company, under the very shadow of the lovely wooded craig, and on the site of that memorable tulzie.

How beautiful the evening is! The sun, as the song says, "has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond," but it has left no "red clouds to preside o'er the scene."

A purple haze is over all yonder range of lofty mountains, great banks of cloud are rising behind them. Up in the blue a pale scimitar of a moon is shining, and peace, peace, peace, is over all the wild scene.

By-the-by, at St. Ninian's to-day we stabled at the "Scots Wha Hae," and my horses had to walk through the house, in at the hall door and out at the back. But nothing now would surprise or startle those animals. I often wonder what they think of it all.

We were early on the road on this morning of Aug. 14th, feeling, and probably looking, as fresh as daisies. Too early to meet anything or any one, except farmers' carts, with horses only half awake, and men nodding among the straw.

Bridge of Allan is a sweet wee town by the banks of the river, embowered in trees, quite a model modern watering-place.

We travel on through splendid avenues of trees, that meet overhead, making the road a leafy tunnel, but the morning sun is shimmering through

the green canopy, and his beams falling on our path make it a study in black-and-white.

The river is a rolling one, reminding us forcibly of Northumbrian banks and Durham braes.

The trains here seem strangely erratic. We meet them at every corner. They come popping out from and go popping into the most unlikely places, out from a wood, out of the face of a rock, or up out of the earth in a bare green meadow, disappearing almost instantly with an eldritch shriek into some other hole or glen or wood.

Through the city of Dunblane, with its ruined cathedral, by narrow roads, across country fifteen miles, till we reach Blackford, and as there are to be games here to-morrow, we get run into a fine open meadow behind Edmund's Hotel, and bivouac for the night.

Few who travel by train past the village or town of Auchterarder, have the faintest notion what the place is like. "It is set on a hill," that is all a train-traveller can say, and it looks romantic enough.

But the country all round here as seen by road is more than romantic, it is wildly beautiful.

Here are some notes I took in my caravan just before coming to this town. My reason for giving them now will presently be seen.

"Just before coming to Auchterarder we cross over a hill, from which the view is singularly strange and lovely. Down beneath us is a wide strath, or glen, rising on the other side with gentle slope far upwards to the horizon, with a bluff, bare, craggy mountain in the distance. But it is the arrangement and shape of the innumerable dark spruce and pine woods that strike the beholder as more than curious. They look like regiments and armies in battle array, massed in *corps d'armée* down in the hollow, and arranged in battalions higher up; while along the ridge of yonder high hill they look like soldiers on march. On a rock these appear like a battery in position, and here, there, and everywhere between, like long lines of skirmishers taking advantage of every shelter."

It was not until Monday morning that I found out from the kindly Aberuthven farmer in whose yard I had bivouacked over the Sunday that I had really been describing on my notes a plan of the great Battle of Waterloo. The woods had positively been planted to represent the armies in action!

Had not this farmer, whom we met at the village, invited us to his place, our bivouac over the Sunday would have been on the roadside, for at Aberuthven there was no accommodation for either horse or caravan.

But the hospitality and kindnesses I meet with are universal.

The morning of the 17th August was grey and cloudy, but far from cold. Bidding good-bye, we went trotting off, and in a short time had crossed the beautiful Earn, and then began one of the longest and stiffest ascents we have ever experienced.

A stiff pull for miles, with perspiring horses; but once up on the braeland above this wild and wonderful valley the view was indescribably fine.

The vale is bounded by hills on every side, with the lofty Ben Voirloch far in the rear.

The Earn, broad, clear, and deep, goes winding through the level and fertile bottom of the valley, through fields where herds of red-and-white cattle are grazing, through fields of dark-green turnips and fields yellow with ripening barley. And yonder is a railway-train, but so far away and so far beneath us that it looks like a mere mechanical toy.

High up here summer still lingers. We are among hedgerows once more and wild roses. The banks beneath this are a sight! We have thistles of every shade of crimson, and eke the wild scabions with beds of bluebells and great patches of golden birdsfoot trefoil. And look! yonder is our old friend the purple-blue geranium once more.

From the fifth milestone the view that suddenly bursts upon our sight could hardly be surpassed for beauty in all broad Scotland. A mighty plain lies stretched out beneath us, bounded afar off by a chain of mountains that are black in the foreground and light-blue in the distance, while great cloud-banks throw their shadows over all.

But soon we are in a deep, dark forest, and here I find the first blooming heath and heather, and with it we make the Wanderer look quite gay.

How sweetly sound is the sleep of the amateur gipsy!

At Bankfoot, where we have been lying all night in a cricket-ground, I was half awakened this morning (August 18th), at 5.30, by the linemanufactory hooter—and I hate a hooter! The sound made me think I was in Wales. I simply said to myself, "Oh, I'm in South Wales somewhere! I wonder what I am doing in South Wales? I dare say it is all right." Then I sank to sleep again, and did not wake till nearly seven.

Started by eight. A lovely morning; a mackerel sky, with patches of blue. Heather hills all around, some covered with dark waving pine-forests.

But what shall I say about the scenery 'twixt Bankfoot and Dunkeld? It is everywhere so grandly beautiful that to attempt to describe it is like an insult to its majesty and romance.

Now suppose the reader were set down in the midst of one of the finest landscape gardens, in the sweetest month of summer, and asked to describe in a few words what he saw around him, would he not find it difficult even to make a commencement? That is precisely how I am now situated.

But to run through this part of the country without a word would be mean and cowardly in an author.

Here are the grandest hills close aboard of us that we have yet seen, amongst them Birnam; the most splendid woods and trees, forest and streams, lakes and torrents, houses and mansions, ferns and flowers, and heather wild. Look where—will it be all a labyrinth, all one maze of wildest beauty, while the sweet sunshine and the gentle breeze sighing through the overhanging boughs, combined with the historical reminiscences in-

separable from the scenery, make my bewilderment pleasant and complete.

Yes, I confess to being of a poetic turn of mind, so make allowances, *mon ami*; but—go and see Dunkeld and its surroundings for yourself.

“ Here poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look thro’ nature with creative fire.

* * * * *

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatterer, clothe their ample sides ;
Th’ outstretching lakes, embosomed ‘mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills.
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
The Palace rising by its verdant side.
The lawns wood-fringed in nature’s native taste,
The hillocks dropt in nature’s careless haste,
The arches striding o’er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noon-tide beam.”

The above passage from the poet Burns refers to the village and scenery of Kumon, but it equally well describes the surroundings of Dunkeld.

Pitlochrie is our anchorage to-night.

The little town, when I at first approached it, seemed, though picturesque and lovely in the extreme, almost too civilised for my gipsy ideas of comfort. The people had too much of the summer-lodging cast about them, so I felt inclined to fly through it and away, as I had done through Perth. But the offer of a level quiet meadow at the other end of this village of villas, surrounded by hills pine-clad to their summits, and hills covered with heather—the maiden blush of the heather just appearing on it—tempted me, and here I lie.

Met many delightful people, and still more delightful, happy children.

The wandering tourist would do well to make Pitlochrie his headquarters for at least a week. There is so much to be seen all around. It is indeed the centre of the land of romance and beauty.

Started next day through the Pass of Killiecrankie. Who has not heard of the wild wooded grandeur of this wonderful pass? or of the battle where the might of Claverhouse was hurled to the ground and the hero himself slain?

It was a sad climb for the horses, but the pass is fearfully, awesomely grand. One cannot but shudder as he stands on the brink of the wooded chasm over which the mounted troopers were hurled by the fierce-fighting Highlanders.

Just after leaving the pass on the right is a meadow, in the centre of which is a stone, supposed by most tourists to mark the spot where the great Claverhouse fell. It is not so, but a preaching-stone, where outdoor service was held in days of yore.

Behold up yonder, high above it on the hill-side, the granite gables of Ard House peeping out among the trees. Near there was Claverhouse slain, shot while his horse was stooping to drink some water.

On leaving Blair Athol the way continues good

for a time. We catch a glimpse of the duke’s castle on the right among the trees and woods. But we soon leave trees behind us, though on the left we still have the river. It is swirling musically round its bed of boulders now. In winter I can fancy how it will foam and rage, and rush along with an impetuosity that no power could resist.

Three miles on, the road begins to get bad and rough and hilly, rougher by far than the roads in the wolds of York, or among the banks of Northumberland.

It gets worse and worse, so rough now that it looks as if a drag-harrow had been taken over it.

We are soon among the Grampians, but the horses are wet and tired. Even Peablossom, hardy though she be, is dripping as if she had swam across a river, while poor Cornflower is a mass of foam, and panting like a steam-engine.

We were told we ought to go *past* the Highland hamlet of Struan. We find now on inquiring at a wayside sheiling that Struan is out of our way, and that it consists of but one small inn and a hut or two, where accommodation could hardly be found for man or beast.

So we go on over the mountains.

About a mile above Struan, we stop to let the horses breathe and to gaze around us on the wild and desolate scene. Nothing is visible but mountain and moorland, heath, heather, and rocks, only trees being stunted silver birches.

Close beside the narrow road, so close, indeed, that a swerve to one side of a foot or two would hurl the Wanderer over the rock, is the roaring River Garry. Its bed is a chaos of boulders, with only here and there a deep brown pool, where great bubbles float and patches of frothy foam, and where now and then a great fish leaps up. The stream is a madly rushing torrent, leaping and bounding from crag to crag, and from precipice to precipice, with a noise like distant thunder.

We see an occasional small covey of whirring grouse, we see one wriggling snake, and a lizard on a heather stem, and we hear, at a distance, the melancholy scream of the mountain whaup or curlew—a prolonged series of shrill whistling sounds ending in a broken shriek—but there are no other signs of life, visible or invisible.

Yes, though, for here comes a carriage, and we have to go closer still—most dangerously close—to the cliff edge to give it room to pass.

The horses are still panting, and presently up comes a Glasgow merchant and his little boy in Highland dress. He tells us he is a Glasgow merchant—anybody would tell any one anything in this desolate place, it is a pleasure to hear your own voice even, and you are glad of any excuse to talk. He tells us he has been fishing, and shows us some golden mountain trout. He says. “ We are now hurrying off to catch the train at Blair Athol.”

But he does not *appear* to be in much of a hurry, for he stays and talks, and I invite him and his child up into the saloon, and we exchange Highland experiences and converse for quite a long time. Then he says,

"Well, I must positively be off, because you know I'm hurrying to catch a train."

I laugh, so does he.

Then we shake hands and part.

CHAPTER VIII.—CROSSING THE GRAMPIANS—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE WANDERER—INVERNESS AT LAST.

FARTHER and farther on we walk or trot, and wilder and still more wild grows the scenery around us. Not a tree of any kind is now visible, nor hedge nor fence bounds the narrow road. We are still close to the Garry. Beyond it are heath-clad banks, rising up into a braeland—a hill or mountain, while the river is far down at the bottom of a cutting which its own waters have worn in their rush of ages.

The road gets narrower now.

It cannot be more than nine feet at its widest. But the hills and the mountains are very beautiful; those nearest to us are crimsoned over with blooming heather, afar off they are half hidden in the purple mist of distance.

All my old favourite flowers have disappeared. I cannot see even a Scottish bluebell, nor a red nodding foxglove, only on mossy banks the pink and odorous wild thyme blooms, saxifrages grow among the rocks, tiny lichens paint the boulders, and wherever the water from some rill, which has trickled down the mountain side, stops and spreads out and forms a patch of green bogland, there grow the wild, sweet-scented myrtle* and many sweetly-pretty ferns.

In some places the hills are so covered with huge boulders as to suggest the idea that Titans of old must have fought their battles here, those rocks their weapons of warfare.

We must now be fully a thousand feet above the sea level, and for the first time we catch sight of snow-posts, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs.

The English tourist would in all probability imagine these were dilapidated telegraph poles. They serve a far different purpose. For were it not for them, in winter, when the ground is covered with snow, and the hollows and even the ravines are filled up, were it not for these guiding posts, the traveller, whether on foot or horseback, might get off the path and never be heard of or seen any more until the summer's sun melted the snows and revealed his corpse.

Toiling on and on through these mountain fastnesses, we cannot help wondering somewhat anxiously where we can rest to-night. Dalwhinnie—that oasis in a Highland wilderness—is still seventeen miles away. We cannot reach there to-night. A full moon will rise and shine shortly after sunset; this is true, but to attempt so long a journey with tired horses with so great a weight behind them, and in so rugged a country, would be to court an accident if not destruction. There is, about five miles ahead of us, a shooting lodge at Dalnacardoch. Yes, but they who live there

may not consider hospitality and religion to be nearly akin. We will try.

"Pull up, Cornflower."

"Pull up, Peablossom."

Peablossom is tired herself. If you but shake the whip over her she angrily nibbles at Cornflower's nose.

"He," she says, as plain as horse can speak, "is in the fault. I am pulling all I can, but he is not doing half the work."

Dalnacardoch at long last.

Dalnacardoch! why this name is big enough for a good sized town, or a village at the very least, but here is but a single house. In the good old coaching days it had been a coaching inn.

I go to the door and knock.

The butler appears.

"Who lives here?"

"A Mr. W—, sir, from Yorkshire, has the shooting."

"Ha!" I think, "from Yorkshire? Then am I sure of a welcome."

Nor was I mistaken. On a green, flat grass-plot near to this Highland hospice lies the Wanderer; the horses are in a comfortable stable knee-deep in straw, with corn and hay to eat in abundance, and I am happy and duly thankful.

It is now past nine o'clock; I have dined, and Hurricane Bob and I go out for a stroll in the sweet moonlight, which is flooding mountain, moor, and dell.

The day has been fiercely hot, but the night is still and starry, and before morning there will be ice on every pool.

How bleak and bare the hills are, and how lonesome and wild! But what must they be in winter, when the storm winds sweep over them, and when neither fur nor feather can find food and shelter anywhere near them?

"Bob, my boy, we'll go to bed."

The stillness of the night is sublime, unbroken save by the distant murmur of the Garry—a sound so soothing that I verily believe it would have lulled even Mecenas himself to sleep.

On August the 20th, as fresh as larks, cold though it had been all night, we started on our route for Dalwhinnie. What an appetite the Highland air gives one! I felt somewhat ashamed of myself this morning as rasher after rasher of bacon and egg after egg disappeared, as if by legerdemain; and after all the probability is that a biscuit and cheese at eleven o'clock may be deemed a necessity of existence.

It is a bright sunny morning, but the road is rough and stony; in some parts the *débris* has been washed from the mountain sides and left to lie across the road, in others some faint attempt at repairs have been undertaken. The place is primitive in the extreme. A hole is dug in the hillside, and the earth and shingle spaded on to the road.

Plenty of sheep are grazing on the boulder-covered-mountains, plenty of snakes and lizards basking in the morning sunshine. Some of the snakes are very large and singularly beautiful, and glitter in the sunlight as if they had been dipped in glycerine.

* The *Myrica Gale* (sweet gale, or Candleberry myrtle).

This is a land of purple heath, but not of shaggy wood. It would be impossible for any one to hang himself here unless he requisitioned one of the snow-posts. It is the land of the curlew, the grouse, and the blackcock—the land mayhap of the eagle, though as yet we have not seen the bird of Jove. The road now gets narrower and still more narrow, while we ride close to the cliff, with, far below us, the turbulent Garry. Were we to meet a carriage now, passing it would be impossible, and there is no room to draw off.

Never before perhaps did a two-ton caravan attempt to cross the Grampians. There are heath-clad brae-lands rising around us at all sides. Some of the banks near Dalnispiddel are a sight to behold. The heather that clothes them is of all shades—from pink to the deepest, richest red. So, too, is the heath. These last rest in great sheets, folded over the edge of cliffs, clinging to rocks, or lying in splendid patches on the bare yellow earth. Here, too, are ferns of many kinds—the dark-green of dwarf broom and the crimson of foxglove bells.

When we stop for a few minutes, in order that I may gather wild flowers, the silence is very striking, only the distant treble of the bleating lamb, far up the mountain-side, and the answering cry of the dam.

Here we drive now close under the shadow of a mountain-cliff, about two thousand feet high; from the top cascades of white water are flowing. My coachman marvels. Where on earth, he asks, do these streams come from? He knows not that still taller hills lie behind these.

Owing to our great height above the sea level the horses pant much in climbing. But the wind has got up and blows keen and cold among these black mountains.

Shortly after leaving Dalnispiddel the road begins to ascend a mountain-side amidst a scene of such wild and desolate grandeur as no pen or pencil could do justice to.

It was a fearful climb. With Bob running behind, for even his weight—120 pounds—lightens the carriage appreciably, with the roller down behind an after wheel, and my valet and I pushing behind with all our might, the horses at last managed to clamber to the highest point. I threw myself on a bank, “pumped,” almost dead; so were the horses, especially poor Cornflower, who shook and trembled like an aspen-leaf. On looking back it seemed marvellous how we had surmounted the steep ascent. To have failed would have meant ruin. The huge caravan would have effectually blocked the road, and only gangs of men—where in this dreary houseless wilderness would they have come from?—could have taken us out of the difficulty.

Daiwhinnie Hotel is indeed an oasis in the wilderness. It is a hospice, and in railway blocks has more than once saved valuable lives.

Here, near the hotel, is a broad but shallow river; there is a clump of trees near it too. Fact! I do not mean to say that an athlete could not vault over most of them, but they are trees, nevertheless. The house lies in what might be called

a wide moorland, twelve hundred feet above the sea level, with mountains on all sides, many of them covered with snow all the year round.

I started next day for Kingussie, six hundred feet below the level of Dalwhinnie, where we encamped for the night behind the chief hotel.

Though frosty dews fell, the morning was delightful, so also was the scenery on all sides. Hills there are in abundance to climb and descend, but we surmount every difficulty, and reach the romantic village of Carrbridge long before dusk.

Here we are to spend the Sunday, and the caravan is trotted on to a high bit of table-land, which is in reality a stackyard, but overlooks the whole village.

On our road to Carrbridge, and just at the top of a hill with a ravine close to our near wheel, the horse in a dogcart which we met refused to pass, shied, and backed right against our pole-end.

For a moment or two we seemed all locked together. The danger was extreme. Our horses plunged and tried to haul us over, and for a few brief seconds it seemed that the Wanderer, the dogcart, plunging horses and all, would be hurled off the road and over the brae. Had this happened our destruction would have been swift and certain; so steep and deep was it that the Wanderer must have turned over several times before reaching the bottom.

Monday, Aug. 24th.—I am this morning *en route* for Inverness, five-and-twenty miles, which we may or may not accomplish. We have now to cross the very loftiest spurs of the Grampian range. We are now eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; we have to rise to thirteen hundred feet, and then descend to Inverness. Were it all one rise and all one descent it would simplify matters considerably; but it is hill and dale, and just at the moment when you are congratulating yourself on being as high as you have to go, behold! the road takes a dip into a glen, and all the climbing has to be repeated on the other side.

My last Sunday among the mountains! Yes; and a quiet and peaceful one it was, and right pleasant are the memories I bear away with me from Carrbridge, of the sweet little village itself, and the pleasant, *natural* people whom I met; of the old romantic bridge; of the hills clad in dark waving pine-trees; of the great deer forests; of moorlands clad in purple heather; of the far-off range of lofty mountains—among them Cairngorm—their sides covered with snow, a veritable Sierra Nevada; of the still night and the glorious moonlight, and of the murmuring river that sang me to sleep with a lullaby sweeter even than the sound of waves breaking on a pebbly beach.

We are off—at 8.15 a.m.—and the climb begins. After a mile of hard toil we find ourselves in the centre of a heather-clad moor. Before and around us hills o'er hills successive rise, and mountain over mountain. Their heads are buried in the clouds.

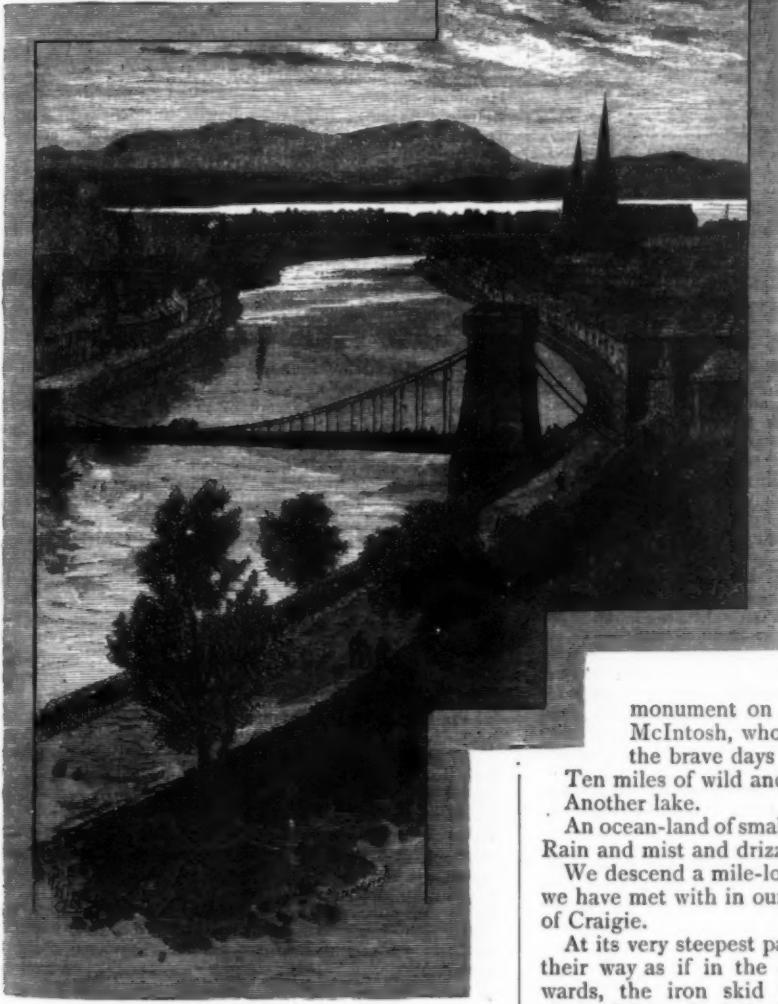
A deep ravine; a stream in the midst roaring over its pebbly bed. A dark forest beyond.

Six miles more to climb ere we reach our highest altitude.

Three miles of scenery bleaker and wilder than any we have yet come to.

A dark and gloomy peat moss, with the gnarled roots of ancient forest trees appearing here and there.

It gets colder and colder, and I am fain to wrap myself in my Highland plaid.



INVERNESS.

We meet some horses and carts; the horses start and shy, and, remembering our adventure of yesterday, we feel nervous till they pass.

On and on, and up and up. We are among the clouds, and the air is cold and damp.

We now near the gloomy mountains and deep ravines of Sloachmuickie.

We stop and have a peep ahead. Must the Wanderer indeed climb that terrible hill? Down beneath that narrow mountain path the ravine is five hundred feet deep at the least. There is a

sharp corner to turn to up yonder, and what is beyond?

"Drive on, my gentle Jehu; a Scotchman never gangs back."

In this wild place I notice one solitary tree hanging to the centre of a cliff among the mist. It is broad in leaf, and of a vigorous green.

Up and up, and up and round the corner, and on and up again.

The scene around us is now desolate and dreary in the extreme. When we stop for a few minutes the silence makes one feel eerie. The bleating of lambs, the cry of wild birds.

I am not sure my coachman is not getting frightened, or that my horses do not feel a superstitious dread creeping over them, so I come back from the moor where I have been cutting heather, and then the descent from the clouds commences. In an hour we reach a kind of civilisation. But it is short-lived, a solitary public-house by the riverside. Then mountains and moorlands again for miles.

A forest of pines without a vestige of undergrowth; a lovely lake with islands; one has a monument on it, probably to some chief McIntosh, who slew some other chief in the brave days of old.

Ten miles of wild and lonesome scenery.

Another lake.

An ocean-land of small rolling hills heather-clad. Rain and mist and drizzle.

We descend a mile-long hill, the steepest by far we have met with in our long tour. It is the hill of Craigie.

At its very steepest part, with the horses feeling their way as if in the dark, and crawling downwards, the iron skid gives way. It has been dragged from the bolts. The great van shoots forward on the horses, and the danger is extreme till I get the break on harder than ever it has been on before, and thus we manage to stagger down.

Seven miles more of beautiful hill and dale, and wood and water, and we reach Inverness in safety and are comfortably at anchor in the Highland city's beautiful park.

Our tour is at an end for a time. I am in my native Highland home.

It is but fair to say that in Inverness I had—everywhere I went—even more than an ordinary Highland welcome.

Varieties.

Etna in Eruption, by an Eye-witness.

The English engineer in charge of the Palermo-Corleone Railway sent to Lord Bury an account of the eruption of Mount Etna, as seen by him. Writing from Catania, May 24th, he says :

"We left here about three o'clock (six of us, English) Saturday afternoon, and drove to Nicolosi, which we reached about five o'clock, and got mules and went up to the scene. There were crowds of people going there, but we took a different road and went up much higher than the general crowd. We had a guide with us, and after about three hours' climbing we got to within a couple of miles of the crater itself. It is at the side of Etna, you know, not near the top, that this eruption has broken out, and we got on to a bit of high ground overlooking the whole scene. It was still daylight when we got up there, so that we saw the whole thing by daylight. We then settled ourselves down to dinner, which we had brought with us from Catania, and of course it was soon dark, and here we were comfortably 'feeding' before the most glorious and indescribable sight I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly impossible to describe it, as no one can have any conception of what it is like until they see it, and also until they see it from where we did, which was on high ground overlooking nearly the whole of it. At the top is this enormous crater, throwing out flames and throwing up stones some hundreds of yards, with a continual roar like any number of battles going on, and just below is another mouth, from which the lava comes, travelling at a tremendous pace. It divides into several streams and follows the valleys. Now imagine from where we were that night, with our backs to Catania, what we saw. On our right this enormous flame going hundreds of feet into the air, making the whole sky bright-red, and all down past us from our right, and extending down miles to the left, streams of red-hot lava moving downwards in a mass for miles, and looking like an enormous sea of red-hot coke. The width across the lava where we were was perhaps three or four miles, and it started about two miles above us, and flowed some four miles or so below us, so you must imagine a sea of angry, red-hot lava five or six miles long and three or four wide, and about thirty or forty feet deep, but all of it bright-red. You can judge whether it was a sight worth seeing! I would not have missed it for worlds. The lava is not liquid, as most people suppose, but consists of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky-looking stuff rolling onwards. We saw one huge rock of old lava standing in the middle of the stream of lava, which was divided by it and ran round it; the rock was about the size of, say, Quidenham Church, and this rock suddenly split into two parts, the smaller half crumbled up, and the other half was carried bodily down with the stream, slowly and steadily. We watched it until we left, and it moved about three-quarters of a mile in about three-quarters of an hour. We waited there until nearly midnight, as we could not venture down until the moon got up, and then we reluctantly left this magnificent sight, which, as I tell you, no description can give you any idea of. As we went up we had all gone into a little house to see it, and walked round it, and thought it was unpleasantly close to the lava. Well, as we came down this house was in flames, and caught by the stream. In many places we had to take different paths, so quickly had the lava spread as it came down; and from below it is awful (quite close to it) to see this mass, thirty or forty feet high, coming slowly towards you. I brought a piece of red-hot lava down with me, which the guide got hold of for me as I could not get it myself; it was so fearfully hot I could not go close enough. We put wire round it, and I carried it down on the end of my stick. In fact, we each brought a bit down, and also some ashes or cinders, which rained down on us whenever the wind was our way. We got back to Catania at about 4.15 a.m. We were up near the crater nearly four hours. We saw other people go up to see the lower end of the lava, stay there a few minutes, and go down again; but the way to do it is to go right high up, arriving by daylight,

and then stay there to see it by night and watch the changes going on. It was glorious!"

The activity of the volcano decreased in the beginning of June, and Nicolosi and Catania escaped the destruction, which once seemed imminent, as the eruption of 1886 was more violent than has been witnessed during the present generation.

Finland and the Finns.

In a communication from the Rev. Dr. Craig, formerly of Hamburg, now one of the Association Secretaries of the Religious Tract Society, the following incident is narrated. Dr. Craig was travelling at the time with a friend in Northern Europe.

"What is the use of printing books for these Finns?" said my friend to me one morning, sitting opposite me at the breakfast-table in the hotel at Helsingfors, "it is pure waste of money. Only look at these peasants in the market-place opposite the window, and you will see how useless it is to offer them books. I do not suppose one in a hundred can read."

"I bet you a pound," said a gentleman who heard the remark, "that of every dozen of these peasants ten can read!"

"Done," said my friend, "and as soon as breakfast is over we go and try."

"Waste of money to accept of such a bet," I whispered across the table; "but if you wish to try, I will give you copies of Bishop Ryle's tracts, or of Moody's sermons, in Finnish, Swedish, Lettish, Esthonian, or any other language you require. For while these peasants can mostly speak two or three of these languages, they will not be able to read more than one."

The two gentlemen went down to the great market square, where many hundreds of country people had been selling their butter, and eggs, and fowls, and vegetables, since four o'clock in the morning, and it was now after seven. As I hate betting I declined to accompany them, but watched from the window. My friend had the right of selection and did not, of course, choose those that seemed the most intelligent. The other gentleman ascertained what language each one knew best, and proceeded with the examination. The result was that every one of the twelve could read some of the languages with which he was provided.

When the gentlemen returned I explained to my friend how the law of the land requires every one who wishes to be married, or to set up any business on his own account, to produce a certificate of Confirmation. Nearly the whole population of Finland, about two millions, are Lutherans; and they cannot be confirmed without being able to read, and repeat Luther's Catechism, with the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed. If the candidate for Confirmation had grown up where there was no school, then the Lutheran pastor must teach him or her to read, and thus it happens that so much education is compulsory. By way of comfort, my friend was told that he had richly deserved to lose his pound for being so stupid as to suppose that the Tract Society would waste its money by preparing books for people who cannot use them.

The Stars in the Pleiades Photographed.—The Latin poet Ovid affirms that the number of stars in the Pleiades is frequently called seven, but really only amounts to six. Many persons, however, can see seven, and occasionally eight, with the naked eye; and Sir George Airy, who held for nearly forty-six years the distinguished post of Astronomer Royal, has informed the astronomical world that one of his daughters occasionally sees as many as twelve stars in this most interesting cluster, with the general view of which all are familiar. On a particularly clear evening in the month of February, 1863, a map of twelve stars seen by her in it with the unarmed eye was made, and all these were afterwards

identified by their positions with stars seen with the telescope. It is on record, indeed, that before the invention of the telescope one astronomer, Moestlin (who was afterwards preceptor to the famous Kepler at Tübingen, and died there in 1631), saw at least eleven stars, whose positions he indicated on Christmas Eve, 1579, and Kepler seems to imply that he occasionally saw two or three others. Of course, as soon as a telescope was turned upon the cluster it was seen that a much larger number of stars was contained in the group, and the number known has been constantly increased as the size and power of the instrument have been enlarged. A French astronomer, however (M. C. Wolf, of Paris), with the aid of a very powerful telescope, the object-glass of which was about twelve English inches in diameter, made a few years ago a most careful and minute examination of the cluster, mapping down all the stars which thus became visible to him, and amounted to 671 in number. From the apparently perfect blackness of the background of the sky he considered that he had attained the limits of the visible universe in that region, and had exhausted, or nearly so, the stars in the group, even to its faintest members. So much for human powers of reaching limits of this kind! The resources of photography have recently been applied to the heavens, and two other astronomers connected with the Paris Observatory (the brothers MM. Paul and Prosper Henry) have obtained, with a telescope constructed by themselves, larger and more powerful than that used by M. Wolf, a splendid photograph of the stars in the Pleiades, in which no fewer than 1,421 stars are indicated. This is more than double the number observed and mapped by ordinary telescopic view by M. Wolf, and is a wonderful testimony to the value of photography as a new means of astronomical research, which indeed seems likely (to use the expression of M. Mouchez, the present Director of the Paris Observatory) to effect a radical transformation in the science.

W. T. LYNN.

Bunyan Variously Spelt.—The name of the Bedfordshire family of Bunyan has been spelt in no fewer than thirty-four different ways. In the Assize Rolls of King John and Henry III it was spelt Bingnon, Buignon, and Bunium; in the Dunstable Chronicle, of the same century, Boinun, Boynun, and Bunyn; in the Subsidy Rolls, a century later, Bonionn, Boynon, Boynonn, and Boynun; in the book of the Luton Guild of 1518, Bonean and Boynon; in the Court-Roll of the manor of Elstow and the Chalgrave Register, Bonyon; in the transcript registers for Elstow, 1603-1640, Bonion, Bonnion, Boniun, Bonniun, and so on in every possible variety. In the church register at Bedford Chapel the death of several Bynians is recorded; while in the book of the Bedford administration it is spelt twice Binyan and once Binnyan. Bunyan's grandfather signed himself Bonyon, and his father was the first to give the name regularly as Bunyan, in the form it has since retained. The family name was known also in France, as in the time of Henry VIII the authorities at Dieppe mention among prisoners taken by the Flemings one Jehan Bunon. It is probable that the English Bunyans sprang from the Normans, who came to this island through Normandy.—*Brown's Life of John Bunyan.*

An Adventure with a Thief.—About three weeks after William left me, I had been sitting up late in a room adjoining my bedroom and trying to write with my left hand and to mend pens, but being fatigued, I left the lamp burning and my penknife on the table, and went to bed, hanging up my watch and sword over my pillow. About an hour or two afterwards I awoke, thinking I heard a noise in the room, and listening attentively I heard something which I supposed was a rat; but as the lamp was gone out in the other room and it was quite dark, I could not distinguish anything. In a few minutes I distinctly heard a noise as if my clothes were being dragged about. I then was certain some one was in the room and stealing my things, so I got up softly, and taking down my sword, which was in a steel scabbard, I went gently to the door, listened very attentively, but could hear no sound and was on the point of returning to bed, when I thought I would just cross the other room and try if the passage door was open. In doing this I suddenly came in contact with a man, who instantly seized me round the waist and made every effort to throw me down. Thinking he was a Portuguese I expected every moment to

have a stiletto plunged into my body, well knowing that a Portuguese thief would not come unprepared for assassination in case of discovery. I struggled hard with the fellow, and recollecting that I had left one of the windows open which was very high from the ground I attempted, as well as I was able with only one hand (the other being bound up and the bones not knit together again), to get him with his back against it, so that I could then throw him out into the street, which would have settled him for ever. But in this, from weakness, I failed. I then made an effort to approach the table, where I had left the penknife open, with which I might stab him before he stabbed me; but I had not strength to push him along; and finding that he had not made any attempt to kill me, I began to suspect that he must be an English soldier, and therefore struck at him with the hilt of my sword in the face, and calling to him, said that if he would speak I would let him go. But speak he would not, and suddenly, as if recollecting himself, he seized my wounded arm in his teeth, and gave me such pain by tearing at it, that I let go my sword, and being exhausted by so long a struggle, I had no more power, and the fellow immediately picked it up, drew it out of the scabbard, and began cutting at me as well as he could in the dark. However, I got under the table, and by that means avoided his blows. Finding he could do nothing more, and that by this time a medical officer, who lodged opposite me, was up and alarmed by my calling out for assistance, he cut open a glass door with my sword, which opened into a balcony, and from thence let himself down into the street and got off just as my servant came into the room, who immediately ran to the window and levelled his musket at him, but it missed fire and my friend escaped. As soon as we got a light, we found he had removed my trunk and all my clothes into the passage, and had everything piled up ready to carry off. When I went to my bed I found the rascal had taken my gold watch, which I was very much vexed at, as it was an old family one, given me by poor William Craig before he died. I never could trace this robbery, or get the least clue to the perpetrator of it; and, indeed, I was very glad of it, for had I found him out he would have been hanged, and as he certainly had no intention of doing me any bodily harm when he first entered my room, I should never have felt comfortable if he had been hung. The struggling and the laceration of the wound by his teeth, in my weak state, brought on fever, and I was laid up in bed for some weeks after and my recovery much retarded, and I was prevented joining my regiment as soon as I had hoped to have done.—*Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir George T. Napier, K.C.B. (Murray).*

Christening of the Infant King of Spain.—The new King of Spain was christened on the 22nd of May, and the name was given as Alfonso Leon Fernando Santiago Maria Isidro Pascual Anthony! Of the eight Christian names of the royal babe that of Maria may sound odd to those who do not know that it is common in Roman Catholic countries to give this name to men as well as women, as in the familiar instance of John or Jean Maria Farina, of Eau-de-Cologne celebrity. At the conclusion of the ecclesiastical ceremony, in the chapel royal of the palace at Madrid, the infant king was invested with the orders of the Golden Fleece, of which he is now chief, of Charles III, of Isabella the Catholic (the wife of Ferdinand, the patron of Columbus), and of the four grand military orders of Spain, of which he becomes Grand Master. After the christening, we are told in the Court Gazette that "the procession returned to the apartments of the Queen Regent, and his infant majesty was returned to the arms of his august mother."

Mr. Justice Stirling.—It is stated that Mr. Stirling is the seventh Senior Wrangler who has attained to high official eminence in the law. The previous instances given are Sir John Wilson, a Judge of the Common Pleas, who was Senior Wrangler in 1751; Sir Joseph Littledale, a Judge of the Queen's Bench, who was Senior Wrangler in 1787; Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Senior Wrangler, 1806; Mr. Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, Senior Wrangler, 1808; Baron Alderson, Senior Wrangler, 1809; Mr. Justice Maule, Senior Wrangler, 1810. This is not a very wonderful list during a period of a century and a half, for the institution of Senior Wranglers dates from 1739. The name refers to the ancient scholastic disputationes, which have long

been obsolete, and which in Cambridge have been supplanted by mathematical questions. It is commonly but erroneously believed that eminence in mathematics is very frequently accompanied by lack of wisdom in most other matters of life. Although there are few great lawyers, there are many men distinguished in other respects who have been Senior Wranglers. Here are some of them: Dean Milner, Herschel, Ellis, Stokes, Cayley, Adams, Airey, Challis. Henry Martyn was Senior Wrangler in 1801; Paley was Senior Wrangler in 1763. The Second Wranglers also form a distinguished roll, among them being Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) in 1794, when Dr. Butler, of Harrow, was first; Canon Melville, Mr. Birks, Bishops Goodwin and Colenso. In 1869 Mr. Hartog, a Jew, was Senior Wrangler, a special grace being granted by the Senate to admit him to his degree. The honours are now open to all comers—Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Scotchmen, like James Stirling, who resigned his Fellowship because he was not in accord with all the Thirty-nine Articles. His honesty and his industry are now rewarded in succeeding Mr. Justice Pearson.

City Feasting in Olden Times.—The charge of excessive extravagance in eating and drinking by the City Companies and other public bodies is no new accusation. In 1680 Francis Smith, a publican, was prosecuted, at the instigation of Roger L'Estrange, censor of the press, for publishing a pamphlet, in which he says, “The fifth part of the charge for the Shrievalty is for wine, the growth of a foreign country; and the Cheque and Spittle Feasts have become scandalous; the latter, after the pretended service of God in hearing the Spittle Sermon (an ancient endowment being made for the same), costing above £300 to each Sheriff.” He affirmed also that, “whereas formerly a lord or gentleman with £10,000 a year spent only £100 in wine, now, out of every £3,000 spent in the City, above £500 goes in wine.” Mr. Francis Smith was sent to prison, and the record of his imprisonment reveals some other abuses of that time. “I was locked up in a room where I had neither chair nor stool to rest upon, yet 10s. a week must be the price for lodging, and before I had been three days £7 15s. was demanded for fees! £5 was for being excused from wearing irons (fetters), 10s. for entry fees, 5s. for garnish money, and the rest for turnkey's fees!”

Thackeray at Oxford.—Thackeray used to tell, as only he could, how he once went down to Oxford to give his lectures on the English Humorists, and, in order to prepare the way for the attendance of the undergraduates, waited on the Heads of Colleges. Among others on whom he called was Dr. Plumptre, Master of University, who it seems had not then heard of the great novelist, and therefore asked him who he was, and what he had written. By way of furnishing his credentials, Thackeray modestly intimated that he was the author of “Vanity Fair.” Upon this the master at once turned round upon him suspiciously, with the remark that “there must be some mistake somewhere,” for John Bunyan was the author of “Vanity Fair.” Finding afterwards that people were laughing, Dr. Plumptre explained to a friend, from whom I had the story, that he had not read Bunyan's book, “never being a reader of novels!”—*Brown's Life of Bunyan.*

Incredible yet True.—Among the innumerable editions of the Pilgrim's Progress, there is one “for the use of children,” of which Mr. Brown, the latest biographer of John Bunyan, gives the following account. “The editor (the Rev. J. M. Neale, Warden of Sackville College) coolly makes Bunyan say what he believes Bunyan would have said, if he had been as enlightened as he ought to have been. In pursuance of this piece of jesuitry, he introduces baptism as the means of spiritual life; placing a well in the garden at the wicket-gate, into which Christian dips himself three times, the which when he had done, he was changed into another man. Moreover his burden fell from his back (not at the Cross, as Bunyan has it, but at the font!). Other changes are made in the story. Giant Pope is turned into Giant Mohammed; Mr. Worldly Wiseman and Mr. Legality are left out; the scene in the House Beautiful is turned into the ceremonies of Confirmation and first Communion; and the dusty room in the House of the Interpreter is made the symbol of a man who was

never regenerated by baptism.” Such is the attempt to foist upon an author opinions directly contrary to those he was known to hold. If ever a book deserved to be burned by the hands of the common hangman, it is “this piece of jesuitry,” as Mr. Brown calls it. This is worse though not so weak as a previous attempt by the Rev. Joshua Wilkins, published in 1811, which he called “a new and corrected edition, in which the phraseology of the author is somewhat improved, some of his obscurities elucidated, and some of his redundancies done away.” Fancy “improving” the style of Bunyan!

Property Valuation in London.—Since the passing of the “Valuation (Metropolis) Act,” of 1869, there have been four quinquennial valuations, the last being for the present year 1886. Though the new valuation list showed a total rateable value considerably larger than that of the year 1885, the increase is much less than has resulted from each of the three previous valuations. The valuation of the year 1870 raised the total rateable value from £16,257,643 to £18,716,237, an increase of nearly two millions and a half. By the valuation of the year 1875 the total value was raised from £20,886,946 to £23,111,313, an increase of nearly two millions and a quarter, while the valuation of 1880 resulted in raising the total from £24,501,410 to £27,405,488, an increase little short of three millions. It was not to be expected that these remarkable increases of value should go on indefinitely in the same ratio, and probably, when the depression of trade during the past few years is considered, it is almost more than could have been anticipated that the rateable value of the metropolis should have risen, as it has done, according to the new valuation list, from £28,920,537, to £30,537,188, an advance of more than a million and a half.

Sèvres China.—The extraordinary prices fetched at the sale of Lord Dudley's china shows that the rage of collectors is almost as rampant as ever. Articles known to be genuine Sèvres have a permanent value, as jewels and gems have, and are investments as safe as money as long as the taste for objects of art continues. The well-known French factory was first established in 1740, at Vincennes. In 1753 it was so well established that the king purchased a third share. In 1757 the works were removed to Sèvres, and shortly afterwards became the sole property of the Crown. It had the monopoly of producing porcelain in the kingdom, and brought vast revenues to the king, in the days when it could be said, *L'état c'est moi.* The Empress Catherine of Russia paid £13,000 for a famous service, which was destroyed by a fire, as was supposed, but the custodians had saved the pieces, and they reappeared in Western Europe in separate pieces or groups and fetched fabulous prices. Even down to our own time, great sums have been paid for Sèvres porcelain. Lord Coventry gave £10,000 for three pieces, Lord Dudley paid £6,500 for a pair of vases. The prices have gone down considerably of late years, but there is still a mania for such curiosities, as the sale at Christie's Rooms showed in May of this year.

Fires in the Metropolitan District.—The last Report of the Metropolitan Board of Works contains information as to the Fire Brigade of London since it came under the control of the Board on January 1st, 1886. The return is for the first five months of the year. The staff of the fire brigade at the beginning of May was as follows:—1 chief officer, 1 second officer, 4 superintendents, 63 engineers, 76 first-class firemen, 81 second-class firemen, 130 third-class firemen, 220 fourth-class firemen, 13 special duty men. In addition there are 66 coachmen and 14 licensed watermen employed. The total number of men is therefore 669. The strength of the brigade in other respects is shown by the following list:—55 fire-engine stations, 26 street stations, with hose carts, 127 fire-escape stations, 4 river stations, 3 self-propelling steam fire-floats, 4 steam-tugs, 7 barges to carry engines, etc., 4 steam fire engines on barges, 42 land steam fire engines, 87 six-in. manual fire engines, 37 small manual fire engines, 64 hose carts, 12 vans for carrying hose and coal, 11 wagons for street stations, 144 fire escapes, 5 long fire ladders and 4 vans to carry the same, and 131 horses. The number of firemen employed on the several watches kept up throughout the metropolis is at present 110 by day

and 254 by night, making a total of 355 in every 24 hours. The number of electric fire alarms in the public thoroughfares has been further increased during the past year. The number of calls for fires, or supposed fires, received during the year has been 2,851. Of these 410 were false alarms, 171 proved to be only chimney alarms, and 2,270 were calls for fires, of which 160 resulted in serious damage and 2,110 in slight damage. The number of persons seriously endangered by fire has been 201, of whom 154 were saved and 47 lost their lives.

Disraeli's Own Account of his First Speech.—I made my maiden speech last night, rising very late after O'Connell, but at the request of my party and the full sanction of Sir Robert Peel. As I wish to give you an exact idea of what occurred, I state at once that my *début* was a failure, so far that I could not succeed in gaining an opportunity of saying what I intended, but the failure was not occasioned by my breaking down or any incompetency on my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries. I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair they were. It was like my first *début* at Aylesbury, and perhaps in that sense may be auspicious of ultimate triumph in the same scene. I fought through all with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper, made occasionally good isolated hits when there was silence, and finished with spirit when I found a formal display was ineffectual. My party backed me well, and no one with more zeal and kindness than Peel, cheering me repeatedly, which is not his custom. The uproar was all organised by the Rads and the Repeaters. They formed a compact body near the bar of the House and seemed determined to set me down, but that they did not do. I have given you a most impartial account, stated indeed against myself.—*Lord Beaconsfield's "Letters to his Sister Sarah."*

American Geographical Honours.—At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the President, the Marquis of Lorne, in presenting the Queen's Medal to Major Greely, said:—"It was the sixth occasion on which a president of that society had greeted the achievements of a citizen of the United States with that honour. In the year 1855 it was accorded to Dr. Kane, who had charge of the expedition generously fitted out by the Republic to search for Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane's journeys and discoveries and the theories he formed had ever since proved among the strongest incentives to further Arctic exploration. Again, in the year 1867 Sir Roderick Murchison, then occupying that chair, was able to place in the hands of the American Minister the gold medal given to another of his countrymen—namely Dr. Hayes, who had reached a more northern point of land than any before attained. Dr. Hayes had himself been the companion of Kane, and was the discoverer of that very land named after Henry Grinnell, of New York, which had been the scene of the explorations of Major Greely. And now that they have been able to welcome back from the very gates of death the heroic officer who lately gave them an account of his work, they felt that they could give the medal to no one who had more thoroughly illustrated the precept of the services of America and Britain to place duty above every earthly consideration."

Whirlwind Extraordinary.—In a letter to the "Times," dated June 3rd, Sparham, Reepham, Norfolk, Mr. T. G. Nelson gives an account of an extraordinary whirlwind which caught a small strip of his farm. He says: "On Tuesday evening last part of my farm was caught by a whirlwind such as I have never seen before. We had had a smart shower, with thunder, about 6.45 p.m., and at 7 p.m. I observed a very dark cloud rising in the south-west, with a very light cloud, almost like steam, underneath, which came up very quickly, with a peculiar roaring, whistling sound, and instead of rain, as I expected, there came a tremendous rush of wind, which blew showers of tiles off my house and premises, and blew down five trees on the pasture adjoining, all within fifty yards of each other; there were also eight chicken coops standing in a row, about two or three yards apart, with fowls in them. These were taken clean up by the wind and blown quite over a high fence fifty yards away and broken into small pieces, every nail apparently being drawn. I picked up one piece of board quite a hundred and twenty yards from

where the coops stood; they must have been blown in pieces in the air, as I could not find two bits together. They were all sound, strong coops. The first trace of the wind that I can find is half a mile south-west of my house, where it seems to have made a path across a field of wheat not more than two yards wide, in a zigzag course, which is clearly shown by the blades of wheat being covered with soil; it then took the top off an oak-tree, blowing one large branch sixty-eight yards into the next field; its course then seems to have got gradually wider, till it reached the corner of the pasture where the five trees were blown down, four of which were within twenty yards of each other, and the other about fifty yards wide of them. What seems to me so peculiar is the very small space of ground that the wind covered—viz., half a mile in length, beginning two yards and finishing from eighty to a hundred yards wide. All my neighbours noticed the cloud, but none of them felt the effects of it. The gust of wind did not last at all more than two minutes, and it was quite calm directly after."

Mistaken Identity.—A correspondent, recounting some pleasant recollections of the late Canon Bardsley, says: "One day at dinner he greatly amused his host and myself by the racy manner in which he told us of the remarkable way in which he had often been mistaken for the Rev. Mr. Maguire, a Manchester clergyman—"the curious thing," said Mr. Bardsley, "being that Mr. Maguire was a very handsome man, and no one can say that I am good-looking." The first occasion was when he was a young man. Hearing that Mr. Maguire was well acquainted with the Romish controversy, he went over to Manchester to borrow some books on the subject, and called at Mr. Maguire's house. He found him out, but was told when he would be at home, so meanwhile went for a stroll. Passing a church, he asked a working man who was passing, what church it was. "Why, sir, it's your own." "No," said Mr. Bardsley, "that can't be; I never was in Manchester before." "Well, I thought you were Mr. Maguire," said the man, "and it's his church." After some years Mr. Bardsley came to Manchester, and the same curious mistakes were constantly being made. One day Mr. Bardsley was mistaken by a shopkeeper for Mr. Maguire. Another day a lady stopped him, as he was hurrying to the station, and asked him how Mrs. Maguire was. He had not time to reply, as he thought he was late; but finding that the train was not in, he went back and apologised to the lady, who had thought it was strange that Mr. Maguire had not responded to her civil inquiries. At the time of the Exhibition of 1851, Mr. Bardsley paid a visit to the great World's Fair, and while walking about noticed a great many people come and look at him and smile. Presently a Manchester friend came and said to him, 'There's a lot of money changing hands about you to-day. There are many Manchester people here, and they are betting as to whether you are Mr. Bardsley or Mr. Maguire. I knew, of course, but they would not believe me.' One day, when on a Bible Society deputation in the South of England, as he was getting off a coach in a little market town, some one came and shook hands with him as Mr. Maguire. But the best of all these mistakes he kept till last. One day Mr. and Mrs. Maguire went together to pay an early call on a friend in the suburbs of Manchester. Mr. Maguire was induced to stay to lunch; his wife returned to Manchester. When in Deansgate, the Cheapside of Manchester, she was astonished to see her husband on the other side of the street. She crossed to ask how he had got there, and when within a yard or two of Mr. James Bardsley, saw it was not her husband at all. She told him of her mistake, as accounting for her addressing him, and laughed heartily. Such instances as these show how very easily people might be mistaken as to the identity of those whom they have only seen on one occasion."

Fogs at Sea.—There is no danger more treacherous than fog at sea. In some parts it is almost the normal condition, as off the Newfoundland banks, where the cold air is condensed by contact with the warm temperature caused by the "Gulf Stream." But fog is dangerous in any waters, even near our own coasts. A passenger of the National Line steamer America gives the following account of a narrow escape from collision off Galley Head, between that vessel and the Inman Line steamer City of Chicago. After an exceedingly pleasant

run, the America, from New York, made the Fastnet. About ten minutes after losing sight of that signal station she was enveloped in a very dense fog. The situation was a most critical one, the coast, even in the very finest and clearest weather, having many hidden dangers. Every precaution was taken to steer clear, while the engines were slowed down to dead speed, powerful fog signals and the steam whistle were kept almost continuously sounding, and the most careful "look-out" was stationed on all parts of the vessel. The captain stood on the bridge, and there was scarcely a person on board who had not his and her eyes and ears open to any sights or sounds that would come from out the fog. Yet, notwithstanding all these precautions against danger, a terrible calamity was but narrowly avoided. The America was just off Galley Head, midway between the Fastnet and the Old Head of Kinsale, when a large steamer loomed out of the fog not twenty yards distant, crossing her bows slowly. A collision seemed inevitable, and the passengers who crowded the decks of each liner were panic-stricken. The America was reversed at full speed, and the other steamer, which proved to be the Inman steamer City of Chicago, for New York, went on with increased speed. Thus a collision and its fearful consequences were averted. The Chicago almost grazed the bows of the America—was so close to her, in fact, that a person could have jumped from one liner to the other. The next minute the vessels were hidden from each other in the fog.

Cheap Books.—What is the cause of the sudden and simultaneous awakening of the English publishers to the urgent importance of providing cheap solid reading in the highest fields of literature for the million? Is it any electric thrill of philanthropy that has run through the circle? Cassell's National Library, Routledge's World Library, Ward and Lock's Popular Library of Literary Treasures, with three or four other series, are all entering the field at once for the purpose of supplying the masterpieces of the language at a few pence cost.—*American Book Chat.*

What do Boys read?—At a grammar school in one of our largest towns, the boys were asked to bring a list of their favourite books. Each list was to give the titles of fifty books, and the votes were counted. We have the list before us, and it suggests some comments. Naturally, and as might be expected, the great majority are books rather to be classed as entertaining than useful. Out of the fifty more than forty are stories, among which it is pleasant to see some universal favourites by Kingston, Ballantyne, and Jules Verne, with Robinson Crusoe at the head of the list. We suppose that only the elder boys were consulted, for younger readers could find little amusement in reading the novels of Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Victor Hugo, or Lord Beaconsfield. It is surprising that so few books of travel and adventure appear. The "Boy's Own Paper" is in the list, the contents of which include truth as well as fiction. The only "Lives" are those of Livingstone and Garfield. Some of the stories are "founded on fact," such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and the "Tramp Abroad," by Mark Twain. In the school libraries of former days, books of "voyages and travels," "exploration and adventure," "shipwrecks and disasters at sea," and the like, were far more in request than mere fiction, and boys did not like stories the less because they were true. If it is otherwise now, the preferences for novel-reading does not augur well for the manliness and good sense of the men of the future.

The Queen's "Piccaninnies."—In the Journal of the Royal Princes, in the Cruise of the Bacchante, few incidents are more pleasant than the loyal demonstrations everywhere made. The Princes have the good sense to say, in regard to the Australian receptions, that they were quite aware it had nothing to do with them personally, but was only the expression of loyalty to the Queen and love to "the old country." The good-natured West Indian blacks gave "Queen Victoria's piccaninnies" a gushing welcome. Here, for example, is a scene in Barbadoes: "From St. John's we drove down through the slopes of the undercliff to Codrington College, passing many still more flimsy and rickety negro huts. On our arriving at the entrance of the long avenue of cocoanut-palms which leads up to the college there was an enthusiastic

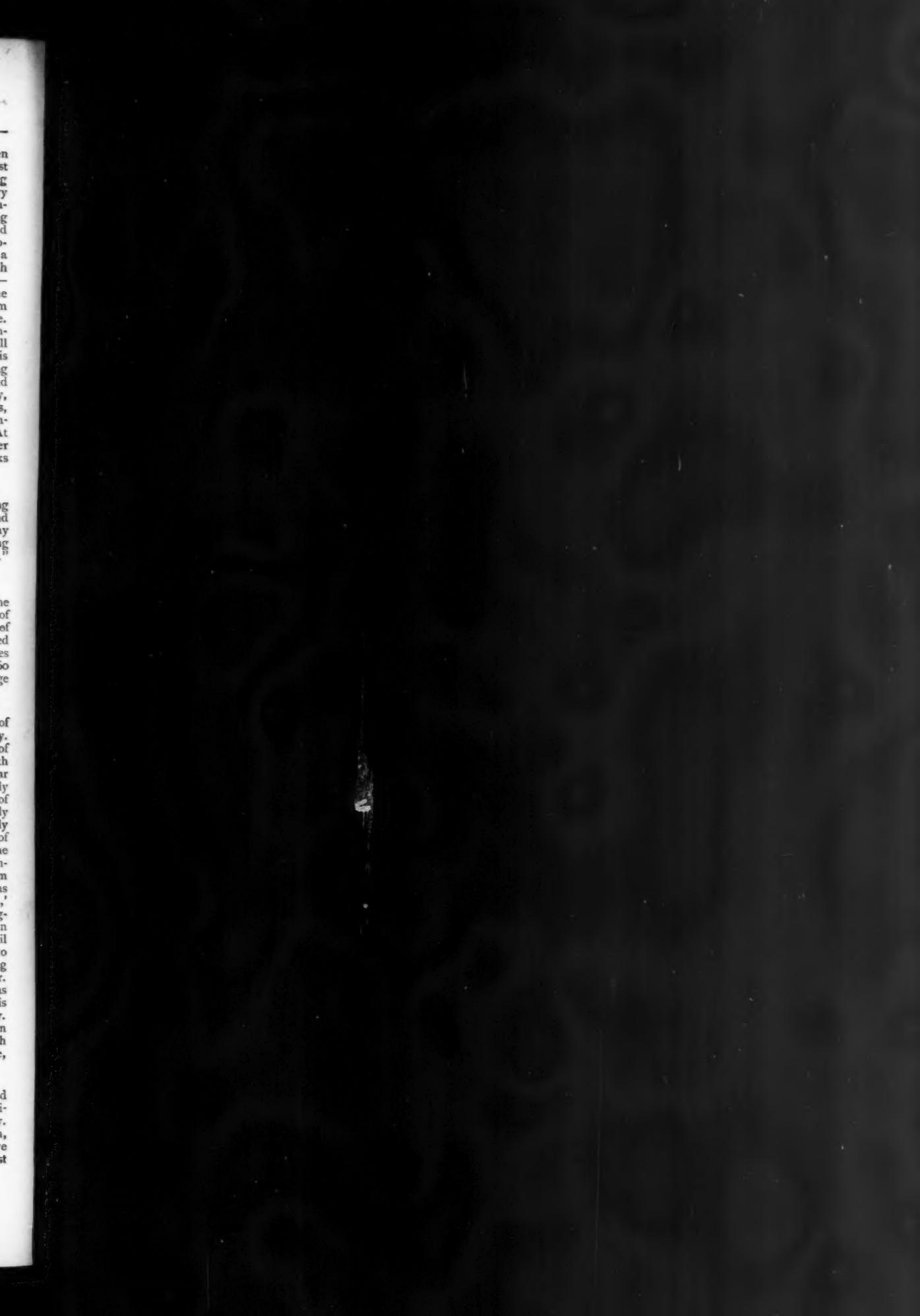
gathering of negro women, men, and children to see 'Queen Victoria's piccaninnies.' They clustered round the first carriage that arrived, which was a waggonette containing mids, whom they took for us, and frantically embraced every part they could lay their hands on—the steps, door, splash-board, kissing these and even the wheels, and overwhelming the occupants with blessings and salutations of joy and delight. When we came a little after the first burst of emotion had been let off, but still enough remained to give us a hearty welcome." Again: "Left the ship at 10 a.m. with the captain and doctor, and six messmates from gun-room—Royds, Peel, Currey, Christian, John, and Sammy—for the pier in Bridgetown Harbour, to which we went in the steam pinnace and galley through the merchant shipping anchorage. The piers on both sides of the harbour, which is like an embanked river, were thronged with negroes, who swarmed still more thickly round the landing-steps at the farther end. This was the first opportunity they had had *en masse* of seeing the Queen's piccaninnies, and consequently they expressed their feelings in a very demonstrative manner; one old lady, name unknown, threw a spade guinea of George III's, wrapped up in paper and inscribed, 'A souvenir of Barbados,' into the carriage as we drove through the town." At Trinidad, Jamaica, Grenada, St. Vincent, and all the other islands it was the same; everywhere whites and blacks received the royal middies with an ovation.

Why are Novel-writers the Strangest of Animals?—Among the many genial pleasantries of Mr. Thackeray, he was fond of asking riddles. Coming out of the Reform Club one day he met Mr. de la Pryme, and abruptly put the foregoing question to him, adding, "Do you give it up?" "Yes." "Why, because their tales grow out of their heads!"

Lisbon Illuminations.—At the marriage festival of the Duke of Braganza, at Lisbon, we are told that Mr. Pain, of London, the English contractor, took out 1,500 tons of material, including 1,600 Venetian poles, 70,000 coloured lamps, 400 clusters of glass globes, 25,000 candles, 16 miles of festooning chains, 16,000 flags, 50 tons of fireworks, 60 tons of gas fittings, and 104 mortars. This represents a large amount of money dispersed in smoke.

Winter of 1885-86.—The winter of 1885-86 was one of unusual unsettledness, if not one of unprecedented severity. Greater frosts have often occurred, and longer continuance of cold weather, but the average temperature in every month has been lower, and the varieties greater than in any year since accurate observations have been recorded. The weekly report in the "Times," even down so late as the middle of May, thus reads: "Weather has been in an exceedingly unsettled condition in all parts of the kingdom. Unusually heavy and continuous rain has fallen over the inland parts of England, and large amounts in all other districts. In some localities hail, sleet, or snow has been experienced. Temperature has been below the mean, the deficit ranging from 2° in the 'Channel Islands' and 3° in 'England, S.,' to as much as 5° in 'England, E.,' and the 'Midland Counties,' 6° in 'England, N.E.,' and 'Ireland, N.,' and 7° in 'England, N.W.' " Some practical use may be obtained from an examination of the records for future guidance. The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England decided to institute an inquiry into the experiences of farmers during the last long and trying winter, and have entrusted it to Mr. Henry F. Moore, of Frome, Somerset. That gentleman has prepared a schedule of questions on the subject, which is being issued to practical farmers in all parts of the country. The questions relate to the effect of the season on crops grown as food for cattle or sheep, the management of stock through the winter when these crops have failed, the use of ensilage, of shelter for stock, and so on.

Fridays in 1886.—Some superstitious observer of times and seasons has announced that the present is a thoroughly Fridayish year. It began on a Friday and will end on a Friday. There are four months of the year with five Fridays each, and the year has fifty-three Fridays. The moon changes five times on the inauspicious day, and the longest and shortest days of the year are both Fridays.



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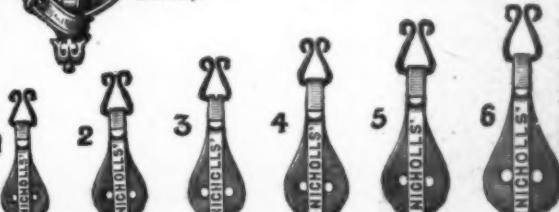
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